

LETTERS
OF
Mr. POPE,
AND
Several Eminent PERSONS,
From the YEAR 1705, to 1711,

VOL. I.



DUBLIN.

Re-printed by G. FAULKNER.

Sold by him in *Essex-street*, by R. GUNNE in *Caple-street*, and by J. SMITH and W. BRUCE on the *Blind-Key*,

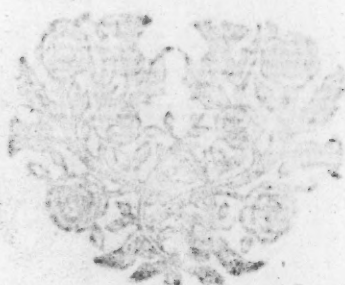
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LETTERS OF MR. POPE, AND Several Eminent Persons,

From the Year 1702, to 1745.

VOL. I.



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Re-printed by G. F. VERNER.

Sold by him to the Public, by R. GARNER in C. W.
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Black-Box.

MDCCLXXV.





TO THE
R E A D E R.

WE presume we want no Apology to the Reader for this Publication, but some may be thought needful to Mr. Pope: However he cannot think our Offence so great as *Theirs*, who first separately published what we have here but collected in a better Form and Order. As for the Letters we have procur'd to be added, they serve but to compleat, explain, and sometimes set in a true light, those others, which it was not in the Writer's or Our power to recall.

The Letters to Mr. Wycherley were procured some Years since, on account of a surreptitious Edition of his *Posthumous Works*: As those Letters shew'd the true state of that Case, the Publication of them was doing the best Justice to the Memory of Mr. Wycherley.

To the Reader.

The rest of this Collection hath been owing to several Cabinets; some drawn from thence by Accidents, and others (even of those to Ladies) voluntarily given. It is to one of that Sex we are beholden for the whole Correspondence with H. C. Esq; which Letters being lent her by that Gentleman, she took the liberty to print; as appears by the following, which we shall give at length, both as it is something Curious, and as it may serve for an Apology for ourselves.

TO HENRY CROMWELL, Esq;

June 27, 1727.

AFTER so long a silence, as the many and great oppressions I have sigh'd under has occasion'd, one is at a Loss how to begin a letter to so kind a friend as yourself. But as it was always my resolution, if I must sink, to do it as decently (that is as silently) as I could: So when I found myself plung'd into unforeseen, and unavoidable ruin, I retreated from the World, and in a manner buried myself in a dismal place, where I knew none, nor none knew me. In this dull unthinking way, I have protracted a ling'ring death, (for life it cannot be call'd) ever since you saw me, sequester'd from company, depriv'd of my books, and no-

To the Reader.

nothing left to converse with but the Letters of my dead, or absent friends, amongst which latter I always plac'd yours, and Mr. Pope's in the first rank. I lent some of them indeed to an ingenious person, who was so delighted with the specimen, that he importuned me for a sight of the rest, which having obtained, he convey'd them to the Press, I must not say altogether with my consent, nor wholly without it. I thought them too good to be lost in oblivion, and had no cause to apprehend the disobliging of any. The publick, *viz.* all persons of taste and judgment, wou'd be pleas'd with so agreeable an amusement; Mr. *Cromwell* cou'd not be angry, since it was but justice to his merit, to publish the solemn, and private professions of Love, Gratitude, and Veneration, made him by so celebrated an Author; and surely Mr. *Pope* ought not to resent the publication, since the early pregnancy of his Genius was no dishonour to his character. And yet had either of you been ask'd, common modesty would have oblig'd you to refuse, what you wou'd not be displeas'd with, if done without your knowledge: And besides to end all dispute, you had been pleas'd to make me a free gift of them, to do what I pleas'd with them: and every one knows that the person to whom a Letter is address'd, has the same right to dispose of it, as he has

To the Reader.

of goods purchas'd with his money. I doubt not but your generosity and honour will do me the right, of owning by a line, that I came honestly by them. I flatter my self, in a few months I shall again be visible to the world, and whenever through good providence that Turn shall happen, I shall joyfully acquaint you with it, there being none more truly your oblig'd Servant, than, *Sir,*

Your faithful, and

most humble Servant,

E. THOMAS.

P. S. A Letter, *Sir*, directed to *Mrs. Thomas*, to be left at my house, will be safely transmitted to her, by

E. CURLE.

To Mr. POPE.

Epsom, July 6th, 1727.

WHEN these Letters were first printed, I wondered how *Curll* cou'd come by 'em, and cou'd not but laugh at the pompous title; since whatever you wrote to me was humour, and familiar Raillery. As soon as I came from *Epsom*, I heard you had been to see me, and I writ you a short Letter from *Will's*, that I long'd to see you.

Mr.

To the Reader.

Mr. D——s, about that time, charg'd me with giving 'em to a Mistress, which I positively denied; not in the least, at that time, thinking of it: but some time after, finding in the news-papers Letters from Lady *Packington*, Lady *Chudleigh*, and Mr. *Norris*, to the same *Sapho* or *E. T.* I began to fear that I was guilty. I have never seen these Letters of *Curll's*, nor wou'd go to his shop about 'em; I have not seen this *Sapho*, alias *E. T.* these seven years;—— her writing, *That I gave her 'em, to do what she would with 'em*, is straining the point too far: I thought not of it; nor do I think she did then: But severe Necessity, which catches hold of a Twig, has produced all this; which has lain hid, and forgot by me, so many years. *Curll* sent me a Letter last week, desiring a positive answer about this matter, but finding I wou'd give him none, he went to *E. T.* and writ a Postscript, in her long romantick Letter, to direct my Answer to his house, but they not expecting an Answer, sent a young man to me, whose name, it seems, is *Pattisson*: I told him I should not write any thing, but I believ'd it might be so, as she writ in her Letter. I am extremely concern'd, that my former Indiscretion in putting 'em into the hands of this *Pretieuse*, shou'd have given you so much disturbance; for the last thing I should do would be to
dis

To the Reader.

disoblige you; for whom I have ever preferred the greatest esteem, and shall ever be,
Sir,

Your faithful Friend, and

most humble Servant,

HENRY CROMWELL.

To Mr. POPE.

August 1, 1727.

TH^O I writ my long Narrative from Epsom till I was tir'd, yet was I not satisfied; lest any doubt shou'd rest upon your mind. I cou'd not make protestations of my Innocence of a grievous crime; but I was impatient till I came to Town, that I might send you those Letters, as a clear evidence, that I was a perfect stranger to all their proceedings: Should I have protested against it, after the printing, it might have been taken for an attempt to decry his purchase; and as the little exception you have taken, has serv'd him to play his game upon us, for these two years, a new incident from me might enable him to play it on for two more: — The great value she expresses for all you write, and her passion for having 'em, I believe, was what prevail'd upon me to let her keep 'em. By the interval of twelve years at least, from her possession to the

To the Reader.

the time of printing 'em, 'tis manifest, that I had not the least ground to apprehend such a design: But as people in great straits bring forth their hoards of old Gold, and most valued Jewels, so *Sapho* had recourse to her hid treasure of Letters, and play'd off, not only yours to me, but all those to herself (as the Lady's last-stake) into the Press. As for me, I hope, when you shall coolly consider the many thousand instances of our being deluded by the Females, since that great Original of *Adam* by *Eve*, you will have a more favourable thought of the undesigning error of

Your faithful Friend,

and humble Servant,

HENRY CROMWELL.

Now, should our Apology for this Publication be as ill receiv'd, as the Lady's seems to have been by the Gentlemen concerned; we shall at least have Her Comfort of being Thank'd by the rest of the world. Nor has Mr. P. himself any great cause to think it much Offence to his Modesty, or Reflexion on his Judgment; when we take care to inform the publick, that there are few Letters of his in this Collection which were not written
under

To the Reader.

under twenty years of age: On the other hand, we doubt not the Reader will be much more surpris'd to find, at that early period, so much Variety of Style, Affecting Sentiment, and Justness of Criticism, in pieces which must have been writ in haste, very few perhaps ever re-view'd, and none intended for the Eye of the Publick.



L E T -

LETTERS

O F

Mr. *Wyckerley* and Mr. *Pope*,

From the YEAR 1704 to 1719.

* *Mr. POPE to Mr. WYCHERLEY.*

Decemb. 26, 1704.

IT was certainly a great Satisfaction to me to see and converse with a Man, whom in his Writings I had so long known with Pleasure: But it was a high addition to it, to hear you, at our very first meeting, doing justice to your dead friend Mr. *Dryden*. I was not so happy as to know him; *Virgilium tantum vidi* — Had I been born early enough, I must have known and lov'd him: For I have been assur'd, not only by your self, but by Mr. *Congreve* and Sir *William Trumbul*, that his personal Qualities were as amiable as his

* *The Author's Age then Sixteen.*

Poetical,

LETTERS of

Poetical notwithstanding the many libellous Misrepresentations of them (against which the former of these Gentlemen has told me he will one day vindicate him *a*) I suppose those Injuries were begun by the Violence of Party, but 'tis no doubt they were continu'd by Envy at his success and fame: And those scribblers who attack'd him in his later times, were only like Gnats in a Summer's evening, which are never very troublesome but in the finest and most glorious Season; (for his fire, like the Sun's, shin'd clearest towards its setting).

You must not therefore imagine, that when you told me of my own performances that they were above those Criticks, I was so vain as to believe it; and yet I may not be so humble as to think my self quite below their notice. For Criticks, as they are Birds of Prey, have ever a natural inclination to Carrion: And though such poor Writers as I, are but Beggars, however no Beggar is so poor but he can keep a Cur, and no Author is so beggarly but he can keep a Critic. So I'm far from thinking the Attacks of such people either any honour or dishonour, even to me, much less to Mr.

a He since did so, in his Dedication to the Duke of Newcastle, prefix'd to Tonson's Duodecimo Edition of Dryden's *Plays*, 1717.

Dryden

Dryden. I think with you, that whatever lesser Wits have risen since his Death, are but like Stars appearing when the Sun is set, that twinkle only in his absence, and with the Rays they have borrowed from him. Our Wit (as you call it) is but Reflexion or Imitation, therefore scarce to be call'd ours. True Wit, I believe, may be defin'd a Justness of Thought, and a Facility of Expression; or (in the Midwives phrase) a perfect Conception, with an easy Delivery. However this is far from a compleat definition; pray help me to a better, as I doubt not you can.

I am, &c.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

Jan. 25, 1704-5.

I HAVE been so busy of late in correcting and transcribing some of my Madrigals, for a great Man or two who desir'd to see them, that I have (with your Pardon) omitted to return you an Answer to your most ingenious Letter: So Scribblers to the Publick, like Bankers to the Publick, are profuse in their voluntary Loans to it, whilst they forget to pay their more private and particular, as more just Debts, to their

B

best

best and nearest Friends. However, I hope, you who have as much good Nature as good Sense, (since they generally are Companions) will have Patience with a Debtor, who you think has an Inclination to pay you his Obligations, if he had wherewithal ready about him ; and in the mean time should consider, when you have oblig'd me beyond my present Power of returning the Favour, that a Debtor may be an honest Man, if he but intends to be just when he is able, tho' late. But I should be less just to you, the more I thought I could make a Return to so much Profuseness of Wit and Humanity together ; which tho' they seldom accompany each other, in other Men, are in you so equally met, I know not in which you most abound. But so much for my Opinion of you, which is, that your Wit and Ingenuity is equal'd by nothing but your Judgment, or Modesty ; which (though it be to please my self) I must no more offend, than I can do either right.

Therefore I will say no more now of them, than that your good Wit ne'er forfeited your good Judgment, but in your Partiality to me and mine ; so that if it were possible for a harden'd Scribbler to be vainer than he is, what you write of me would make me more conceited, than what I scribble my self ; yet I must confess I ought to be more humbled

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bled by your Praise than exalted; which commends my little Sense with so much more of yours, that I am disparag'd and dishearten'd by your Commendations; who give me an Example of your Wit in the first Part of your Letter, and a Definition of it in the last; to make writing well (that is like you) more difficult to me than ever it was before. Thus the more great and just your Example and Definition of Wit are, the less I am capable to follow them. Then the best way of shewing my Judgment, after having seen how you write, is to leave off writing; and the best way to shew my Friendship to you, is to put an end to your Trouble, and to conclude

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE's Answer.

March 25, 1705.

WHEN I write to you, I foresee a long Letter, and ought to beg your Patience beforehand; for if it proves the longest, it will be of course the worst I have troubled you with. Yet to express my Gratitude at large for your obliging Letter, is not more my Duty than my Interest; as some People will abundantly thank you for one

Piece of Kindness, to put you in mind of bestowing another. The more favourable you are to me, the more distinctly I see my Faults; Spots and Blemishes you know, are never so plainly discover'd as in the brightest Sunshine. Thus I am mortified by those Commendations which were design'd to encourage me: for Praise to a young Wit, is like Rain to a tender Flower; if it be moderately bestow'd, it cheers and revives, but if too lavishly, overcharges and depresses him. Most Men in years, as they are generally discouragers of Youth, are like old Trees, that being past Bearing themselves, will suffer no young Plants to flourish beneath them: But as if it were not enough to have out-done all your Coævals in Wit, you will excell them in good Nature too. As for my (a) green Essays, if you find any Pleasure in 'em, it must be such as a Man naturally takes in observing the first Shoots and Buddings of a Tree which he has rais'd himself: and 'tis impossible they should be esteem'd any otherwise, than as we value Fruits for being early, which nevertheless are the most insipid, and the worst of the Year. In a word, I must blame you for treating me with so much Compliment, which is at best but the Smoak of Friendship. I neither

(a) *His Pastorals, written at 16 Years of Age.*

write,

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write, nor converse with you, to gain your Praise but your Affection. Be so much my Friend as to appear my Enemy, and tell me my Faults, if not as a young Man, at least as an unexperienc'd Writer.

I am, &c:

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

March 29, 1705³

YOUR Letter of the Twenty-fifth of *March* I have receiv'd, which was more welcome to me than any thing cou'd be out of the Country, tho' it were one's Rent due that Day: and I can find no fault with it, but that it charges me with Want of Sincerity, or Justice, for giving you your Due; who shou'd not let your Modesty be so unjust to your Merit, as to reject what is due to it, and call that Compliment which is so short of your desert, that it is rather degrading than exalting you. But if Compliment be the Smoak only of Friendship (as you say) however you must allow there is no Smoak but there is some Fire; and as the Sacrifice of Incense offer'd to the Gods wou'd not have been half so sweet to others, if it had not been for its Smoak, to Friendship like Love, cannot be without

some Incense, to perfume the Name it wou'd praise and immortalize. But since you say you do not write to me to gain my *Praise*, but my *Affection*, pray how is it possible to have the one without the other? We must admire before we love. You affirm, you would have me so much your Friend as to appear your Enemy, and find out your Faults rather than your Perfections: But (my Friend) that would be so hard to do, that I who love no Difficulties, can't be persuaded to it. Besides, the Vanity of a Scribbler is such, that he will never part with his own Judgment to gratify another's; especially when he must take Pains to do it: And tho' I am proud to be of your Opinion, when you talk of any Thing, or Man but yourself, I cannot suffer you to murder your fame, with your own hand, without opposing you; especially when you say your last Letter is the worst (since the longest) you have favour'd me with; which I therefore think the best, as the longest Life (if a good one) is the best, as it yields the more Variety and is more Exemplary; as a chearful Summer's Day, tho' longer than a dull one in the Winter, is less tedious and more entertaining: Therefore let but your Friendship be like your Letter, as lasting as it is agreeable, and it can never be tedious, but more acceptable and obliging to

Yours, &c.

Mr.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

April 7, 1709.

I HAVE receiv'd yours of the Fifth, wherein your Modesty refuses the just Praise I give you, by which you lay claim to more, as a Bishop gains his Bishoprick by saying he will not Episcopate: But I must confess, whilst I displease you by commending you, I please my self; just as Incense is sweeter to the Offerer than the Deity to whom 'tis offered, by his being so much above it: For indeed, every Man partakes of the Praise he gives, when it is so justly given.

As to my enquiry after your Intrigues with the *Muses*, you may allow me to make it, since no old Man can give so young, so great, and able a Favourite of theirs, Jealously. I am, in my Enquiry, like old Sir *Bernard Gascoign*, who us'd to say, That when he was grown too old to have his Visits admitted alone by the Ladies, he always took along with him a young Man to ensure his Welcome to them; who, had he come alone had been rejected, only because his Visits were not scandalous to them. So I am (like an old Rook, who is ruin'd by Gaming) forc'd to live on the good Fortune of the pushing young Men, whose Fancies are so vigorous, that they ensure their Success

cess in their Adventures with the Muses, by their Strength of Imagination.

——Your Papers are safe in my Custody (you may be sure) from any one's Theft but my own; for it is as dangerous to trust a Scribbler with your Wit, as a Gamester with the Custody of your Money.—— If you happen to come to Town, you will make it more difficult for me to leave it, who am, dear Mr. *Pope*,

Yours, &c.

Mr. POPE'S Answer.

April 30, 1709.

I Cannot contend with you. You must give me leave at once to wave all your Compliments, and to collect only this in general from 'em, that your Design is to encourage me. But I separate from all the rest that Paragraph or two, in which you make me so warm an Offer of your Friendship. Were I possess'd of That, it would put an End to all those Speeches with which you now make me blush; and change them to wholesome Advices, and free Sentiments, which might make me wiser and happier. I know 'tis the general Opinion, that Friendship is best contracted betwixt Persons of equal

qual Age: But I have so much Interest to be of another Mind, that you must pardon me if I cannot forbear telling you a few Notions of mine, in opposition to that Opinion.

In the first place 'tis observable, that the Love we bear to our Friends, is generally caused by our finding the same Dispositions in them, which we feel in our selves. This is but Self-love at the Bottom: Whereas the Affection betwixt People of different Ages cannot well be such, the Inclinations of such being commonly various. The Friendship of two young Men is often occasioned by Love of Pleasure or Voluptuousness, each being desirous, for his own sake, of one to assist or encourage him in the Courses he pursues; as that of two old Men is frequently on the score of some Profit, Lucre, or Design upon others: Now, as a young Man who is less acquainted with the Ways of the World, has in all probability less of Interest; and an old (a) Man who may be weary of himself, less of Self-love; so the Friendship between them is the more likely to be true, and unmix'd with too much Self-regard. One may add to this, that such a Friendship is of greater Use and Advantage to both; for the old Man will grow more gay and agreeable

(a) Mr. Wycherley was at this time about Seventy Years old, Mr. Pope under Seventeen.

to please the young one; and the young Man more discreet and prudent by the help of the old one; so it may prove a Cure of those epidemical Diseases of Age and Youth, Sourness and Madness. I hope you will not need many Arguments to convince you of the Possibility of this; one alone abundantly satisfies me, and convinces to the very Heart; which is, that

I am, &c.

Mr. POPE to Mr. WYCHERLEY.

June 23, 1705.

I Should believe my self happy in your good Opinion, but that you treat me so much in a Style of Compliment. It has been observ'd of Women, that they are more subject in their youth to be touch'd with Vanity than Men, on account of their being generally treated this way; but the weakest Women are not more so than the weak Class of Men, who are thought to pique themselves upon their Wit. The World is never wanting, when a Coxcomb is accomplishing himself, to help to give him the finishing Stroke.

Every Man is apt to think his Neighbour overstock'd with Vanity; yet I cannot but fancy,

fancy, there are certain Times, when most people are in a disposition of being inform'd; and 'tis incredible what a vast Good a little Truth might do, spoken in such seasons. A very small Alms will do a great kindness, to people in extream necessity.

I could name an acquaintance of yours who would at this time think himself more obliged to you for the Information of his Faults, than the Confirmation of his Follies. If you would make those the subject of a Letter, it might be as long as I could wish your Letters always were.

I do not wonder you have hitherto found some difficulty (as you are pleas'd to say, in writing to me, since you have always chosen the Task of commending me: Take but the other way, and I dare ingage you will find none at all.

As for my Verses which you praise so much, I may truly say they had never been the cause of any Vanity in me, except what they gave me when they first occasion'd my acquaintance with you. But I have several times since been in danger of this Vice, as often I mean as I receiv'd any Letters from you.

'Tis certain, the greatest magnifying Glasses in the World are a Man's own Eyes, when they look upon his own Person; yet even in those, I cannot fancy my self so extremely

tremely like *Alexander the Great*, as you would persuade me: If I must be like him, 'tis you will make me so, by complimenting me into a better opinion of my self than I deserve: They made him think he was the *Son of Jupiter*, and you assure me I am a Man of Parts. But is this all you can say to my honour? You said ten times as much before, when you call'd me your Friend. After having made me believe I possess'd a share in your affection, to treat me with Compliments and sweet Sayings, is like the proceeding with poor *Sancho Pancha*: They had persuaded him that he enjoy'd a great Dominion, and then gave him nothing to subsist upon but *Wafers* and *Marmalade*. In our Days, the greatest obligation you can lay upon a Wit, is to make a Fool of him. For as when Madmen are found incurable, wise Men give them their Way, and please them as well as they can; so when those incorrigible things, Poets, are once irrecoverably Be-mus'd, the best way both to quiet them, and secure your selves from the effects of their Frenzy, is to feed their Vainity; which indeed for the most part is all that is fed in a Poet.

You may believe me, I could be heartily glad that all you say were as true, apply'd to me, as it would be to your self, for several weighty Reasons; but for none so much, as
that

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that I might be to you what you deserve;
whereas I can now be no more, than is con-
sistent with the small, tho' utmost Capacity
of,

Dear Sir,

Your ever affectionate Servant.

Mr. POPE to Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Oct. 26, 1705.

I HAVE now chang'd the Scene from
the Town to the Country; from *Will's*
Coffee-House to *Windsor* Forest. I find no
other difference than this, betwixt the com-
mon Town-Wits, and the downright Coun-
try Fools; that the first are perty in the
Wrong, with a little more Flourish and
Gaiety, and the last neither in the Right nor
the Wrong, but confirmed in a stupid, set-
tled Medium betwixt both. However, me-
thinks these are most in the Right, who
quietly and easily resign themselves over to
the gentle Reign of Dulness, which the
Wits must do at last, tho' after a great deal
of Noise, Pother, and Resistance. Ours
are a sort of modest, inoffensive People, who
neither have Sense, nor pretend to any, but
enjoy a jovial Sort of Dulness. They are
commonly known in the World by the
C Name

Name of honest, civil Gentlemen. They live much as they ride, at random ; a kind of hunting Life, pursuing with earnestness and hazard, something not worth the catching; never in the way, nor out of it. I can't but prefer Solitude to the Company of all these; for tho' a Man's self may possibly be the worst Fellow to converse with in the World, yet one would think the Company of a Person whom we have the greatest regard to, and affection for, could not be very unpleasant: As a Man in love with a Mistress, desires no Conversation but hers, so a Man in love with himself, (as most Men are) may be best pleased with his own. Besides, if the truest and most useful Knowledge, be the knowledge of our selves, Solitude conducing most to make us look into our selves, should be the most instructive State of Life. We see nothing more commonly, than Men, who for the sake of the circumstantial Part, and meer outside of Life, have been half their Days rambling out of their Nature, and ought to be sent into Solitude to study themselves over again. People are usually spoil'd instead of being taught, at their coming into the World; whereas by being more conversant with Obscurity, without any Pains, they would naturally follow what they were meant for. In a word, if a Man be a Coxcomb, Solitude is his best School; and

and if he be a Fool, it is his best Sanctuary.

These are good Reasons for my own Stay here, but I wish I could give you any for your coming hither, except that I earnestly invite you. And yet I can't help saying, I have suffer'd a great deal of discontent that you do not, tho' I so little merit that you should.

I must complain of the shortness of your last: Those who have most Wit, like those who have most Money, are generally most sparing of either.

Mr. WYCHERLEY's Answer.

Nov. 5, 1705.

YOURS of the 26th of *October* I have receiv'd, as I have always done yours, with no little Satisfaction, and am proud to discover by it, that you find fault with the shortness of mine, which I think the best Excuse for it: And tho' they (as you say) who have most Wit or Money, are most sparing of either; there are some who appear Poor to be thought Rich, and are Poor, which is my Case: I cannot but rejoice, that you have undergone so much discontent for want of my company; but if you have a

Mind to punish me for my fault, (which I could not help) defer your coming to Town, and you will do it effectually. But I know your Charity always exceeds your Revenge, so that I will not despair of seeing you, who, in return to your inviting me to your Forest, invite you to my Forest, the Town; where the Beasts that inhabit, tame or wild, of long Ears or Horns, pursue one another either out of Love or Hatred. You may have the Pleasure to see one Pack of Bloodhounds pursue another Herd of Brutes, to bring each other to their Fall, which is their whole Sport: Or, if you affect a less bloody Chace, you may see a Pack of Spaniels, call'd *Lovers*, in hot pursuit of a two-legg'd *Vixen*, who only flies the whole loud Pack to be singled out by one Dog, who runs mute to catch her up the sooner from the rest, as they are making a Noise, to the Loss of their Game. In fine, this is the Time for all sorts of Sport in the Town, when those of the Country cease; therefore leave your Forest of Beasts, for ours of Brutes, call'd Men, who now in full Cry, (pack'd by the Court or Country) run down in the House of Commons, a deserted horned Beast of the Court, to the satisfaction of their Spectators: Besides, (more for your Diversion) you may see not only the two great Play-houses of the Nation, those of the Lords and Commons,

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mons, in Dispute with one another; but the two other Play-houses in high Contest, because the Members of one House are remov'd up to t'other, (as it is often done by the Court for Reasons of State.) Insomuch that the lower Houses, I mean the Play-houses, are going to act Tragedies on one another without Doors, and the Sovereign is put to it (as it often happens in the other two Houses) to silence one or both, to keep Peace between them: Now I have told you all the News of the Town.

I am, &c.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

Feb. 5, 1705.

I Have receiv'd your kind Letter, with my Paper * to Mr. *Dryden* corrected. I own you have made more of it by making it less, as the *Dutch* are said to burn half the Spices they bring home to inhance the Price of the remainder, so to be greater Gainers by their Loss, (which is indeed my Case now.) Well; you have prun'd my fading Lawrels of some superfluous, sapless, and dead Branches,

C 3

ches,

* The same which was printed in the Year 1717, in a Miscellany of Bern. Lintor's, and in the present Edition of the Posthumous Works of Mr. Wycherley.

ches, to make the remainder live the longer; thus like your Master *Apollo*, you are at once a Poet and a Physician.

Now, Sir, as to my impudent invitation of you to the Town, your *good Nature* was the first Cause of my confident request; but excuse me, I must (I see) say no more upon this Subject, since I find you a little too nice to be dealt freely with; tho' you have given me some Encouragement to hope, our Friendship (tho' young) might be without Shyness, or criminal Modesty; for a Friend like a Mistress, tho' he is not to be mercenary to be true, yet ought not to refuse a Friend's kindness because it is small or trivial: I have told you (I think) that a *Spanish* Lady said to her poor, poetical Gallant, that a Queen if she lay with a Groom, wou'd expect a Mark of his kindness from him, tho' it were but his Curry-comb. But you and I will dispute this Matter when I am so happy as to see you here; and perhaps 'tis the only Dispute in which I might hope to have the better of you.

Now, Sir, to make you another Excuse for my boldness in inviting you to Town, I design'd to leave with you some more of my Papers, (since these return so much better out of your Hands than they went from mine) for I intended, as I told you formerly, to spend a Month, or six Weeks this Summer,

Mr. WYCHERLEY and Mr. POPE. 21

mer, near you in the Country, for you may be assured there is nothing I desire so much, as an Improvement of your Friendship,—

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

March 22, 1705-6.

I Must lay a Penance upon you, which is to desire you to look over that damn'd Miscellany of Madrigals of mine, to pick out, if possible, some that may be so alter'd that they may yet appear in Print again; I hope with better success than they hitherto have done. I will give you my Reason for this Request of mine, when I see you; which I am resolv'd shall be when I have done here, and at the *Bath*, where I design to go, and afterwards to spend two Months, God willing, with you, at *Binfield*, or near it.—

Mr. POPE's Answer.

April 10, 1706.

BY yours of the last Month, you desire me to select, if possible, some Things from the * first Volume of your Miscellanies,

* *Printed in Folio, in the Year, 1704.*

nies, which may be alter'd so as to appear again. I doubted your meaning in this; whether it was to pick out the best of those Verses, (as that on the *Idleness of Business*; on *Ignorance*; on *Laziness*, &c.) to make the Method and Numbers exact, and avoid Repetitions? For tho', upon reading 'em on this Occasion, I believe they might receive such an Alteration with Advantage; yet they would not be chang'd so much, but any one would know 'em for the same at first sight. Or if you mean to improve the worst Pieces, which are such as to render them *very good*, would require a great addition, and almost the entire new writing of them? Or, lastly, if you mean the middle sort, as the Songs and Love-Verses? For these will need only to be shortned, to omit repetition; the Words remaining very little different from what they were before. Pray let me know your mind in this, for I am utterly at a loss. Yet I have try'd what I cou'd do to *some of the Songs*, * and the *Poems on Laziness and Ignorance*, but can't, e'en in my own partial Judgment, think my *Alterations* much to the purpose. So that I must needs desire you would apply your Care wholly at present, to those which are yet unpublished, of which there are more than enough to make a considerable Volume,

of

* Vid. *Letter of Nov. 20, 1707, (a)*

of full as good ones, nay, I verily believe, of better than any in Vol. I. which I could wish you would defer, at least till you have finish'd these that are yet unprinted.

I send you a Sample of some few of these; namely, the Verses to Mr. *Waller* in *his old Age*; your new ones on the *Duke of Marlborough*, and two others. I have done all that I thought could be of advantage to them: Some I have contracted, as we do Sun-beams, to improve their Energy and Force; some I have taken quite away, as we take Branches from a Tree, to add to the Fruit; others I have entirely new express'd, and turned more into Poetry. *Donne* (like one of his Successors) had infinitely more Wit than he wanted Versification: for the great dealers in Wit, like those in Trade, take least Pains to set off their Goods; while the Haberdashers of small Wit, spare for no Decorations or Ornaments. You have commission'd me to paint your Shop, and I have done my best to brush you up like your Neighbours. But I can no more pretend to the Merit of the Production, than a Midwife to the Virtues and good Qualities of the Child she helps into the Light.

The few Things I have entirely added, you will excuse; you may take them lawfully for your own, because they are no more than Sparks lighted up by your Fire; and
you

you may omit them at last, if you think them but Squibs in your Triumphs.

I am, &c.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

Feb. 19, 1706-7

I HAVE received yours of the 26th, as kind as it is ingenious, for which therefore I most heartily thank you: It would have been much more welcome to me, had it not inform'd me of your want of Health: But you who have a Mind so vigorous, may well be contented with its crazy Habitation; since (you know) the old Similitude says, The Keeness of the Mind soonest wears out the Body; as the sharpest Sword soonest destroys the Scabbard: So that (as I say) you must be satisfy'd with your apprehension of an uneasy Life (tho' I hope not a short one) notwithstanding that generally you sound Wits (tho' weak Bodies) are immortal hereafter, by that Genius which shortens your present Life to prolong that of the future. But I yet hope, your great, vigorous, and active Mind, will not be able to destroy your little, tender, and crazy Carcass.

Now

Now to say something to what you write, concerning the present epidemick Distemper of the Mind and Age, Calumny; I know it is no more to be avoided (at one time or an other of our Lives) than a Fever, or an Ague; and as often those Distempers attend, or threaten the best Constitutions, from the worst Air; so does that malignant Air of Calumny soonest attack the sound and elevated in Mind, as Storms of Wind the tallest and most fruitful Trees; whilst the low and weak, for bowing and moving to and fro, are by their Weakness, secure from the danger and violence of the Tempest. But so much for stinking Rumour, which weakest Minds are most afraid of; as *Irish Men*, tho' the nastiest of Mankind, are most offended at a *Fart*.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

Nov. 11, 1707.

I Receiv'd yours of the 9th yesterday, which has (like the rest of your Letters) at once pleas'd and instructed me; so that I assure you, you can no more write too much to your absent Friends, than speak too much to the present. This is a Truth that all Men own who have either seen your Writings,

Writings, or heard your Discourse; enough to make others shew their Judgment, in ceasing to write or talk, especially to you, or in your Company. However, I speak or write to you, not to please you, but myself; since I provoke your Answers; which, whilst they humble me, give me vanity; tho' I am lessen'd by you even when you commend me, since you commend my little Sense with so much more of yours, that you put me out of Countenance, whilst you would keep me in it. So that you have found a way (against the Custom of great Wits) to shew even a great deal of good Nature with a great deal of good Sense.

I thank you for the Book you promis'd me, by which I find you would not only correct my Lines, but my Life.

As to the damn'd Verses I entrusted you with, I hope you will let them undergo your Purgatory, to save them from other People's damning them; since the Critics, who are generally the first damn'd in this Life, like the damn'd below, never leave to bring those above them under their own Circumstances. I beg you to peruse my Papers, and select what you think best, or most tolerable, and look over them again; for I resolve suddenly to print some of them, as a harden'd old Gamester will (in spite of all former ill usage by Fortune) push on an ill Hand, in expectation of recovering himself; especially

especially, since I have such a *Croupier* or
Second to stand by me as Mr. *Pope*.

Mr. POPE to M. WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 20, 1707.

MR. *Englesyld* being upon his Journey to *London*, tells me I must write to you by him, which I do, not more to comply with his desire, than to gratify my own; tho I did it so lately by the Messenger you sent hither: I take it too as an opportunity of sending you the fair Copy of the *Poem* (a) on *Dulness*, which was not then finish'd, and which I should not care to hazard by the common Post. Mr. *Englesyld* is ignorant of the Contents, and I hope your Prudence will let him remain so, for my sake no less than your own: Since if you should reveal any thing of this nature, it would be no wonder Reports should be rais'd, and there are those (I fear) who would be ready to improve them to my disadvantage.

(a) *The Original of it in Blots, and with Figures of the References from Copy to Copy, in Mr. Pope's Hand, is in the Harley Library, among other such Brouillons of Mr. Wycherley's Poems, corrected by him. Vid. Lett. Ap. 10, 1705 6. Note (a)*

D

I am

I am sorry you told the great Man, whom you met in the *Court of Requests*, that your Papers were in my Hands: No Man alive shall ever know any such thing from me; and I give you this warning besides, that tho' your self should say I had any way assisted you, I am notwithstanding resolv'd to deny it.

The method of the Copy I send you is very different from what it was, and much more regular: For the better help of your Memory, I desire you to compare it by the *Figures* in the Margin, answering to the same in this Letter. The Poem is now divided into four Parts, mark'd with the literal Figures I. II. III. IV. The first contains the *praise* of Dulness, and shews how upon several suppositions, it passes for 1. Religion. 2. Philosophy. 3. Example. 4. Wit. And 5. The cause of Wit, and the end of it. The second Part contains the *advantages* of Dulness; 1st, In Business; and 2dly at Court; where the Similitudes of the By-ss of a Bowl, and the Weights of a Clock, are directly tending to illustrate those advantages of Dulness, tho' introduced before in a place where there was no mention made of them; (which was your only objection to my adding them.) The third contains the *happiness* of Dulness in all Stations, and shews in a great many Particulars, that it is so fortunate, as to be esteem'd some good Quality

Quality or other in all sorts of People; that it is thought Quiet, Sense, Caution, Policy, Prudence, Majesty, Valour, Circumspection, Honesty, &c. The fourth Part I have wholly added, as a Climax which sums up all the *praise, advantage, and happiness* of Dulness in a few words, and strengthens them all by the opposition of the *disgrace, disadvantage, and unhappiness* of Wit, with which it concludes (b).

Tho' the whole be as short again as at first, there is not one Thought omitted, but what is a Repetition of something in your first Volume, or in this very Paper: Some Thoughts are contracted, where they seem'd encompass'd with too many words; and some new express'd, or added, where it thought there wanted heightning (as you'll see particularly in the Simile of the Clock-

(b) This is totally omitted in the present Edition: Some of the Lines in the H. M. are these

*Thus Dulness, the safe Opiate of the Mind,
The last kind refuge weary Wit can find,
Fit for all stations, and in each content,
Is satisfy'd, secure, and innocent;
No pains it takes, and no offence it gives,
Unfear'd, unbated, undisturb'd it lives;
And if each writing Author's best pretence,
Be but to teach the ignorant more Sense;
Then Dulness was the Cause they wrote before,
As 'tis at last the Cause they write no more;
So wit, which most to scorn it does pretend,
With Dulness first began, in Dulness last must End.*

Weight (c) and the Versification throughout, is, I believe such, as no Body can be shock'd at. The repeated permissions you give me of dealing freely with you, will (I hope) excuse what I have done; for if I have not spar'd you when I thought Severity would do you a kindness, I have not mangled you where I thought there was no absolute need of Amputation. As to Particulars, I can satisfy you better when we meet; in the mean time pray write to me when you can, you cannot too often.

(c) It was originally thus express'd :

As Clocks run fastest when most Lead is on.

We find it so in a Letter of Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley, dated April 3, 1705. and in a Paper of Verses of his *To the Author of a Poem call'd Successio*, which got out in a Miscellany in 1712, three Years before Mr. Wycherley died, and two after he had laid aside the whole design of publishing any Poems.

Mr. WYCHERLEY's Answer.

Nov. 22, 1707.

YOU may see by my Stile, I had the happiness and satisfaction to receive yesterday (by the hand of that Wagg, Mr. Englesfild) your extream kind and obliging Letter of the 20th of this Month; which like all the rest of yours, did at once mortify

fy me, and make me vain; since it tells me with so much more Wit, Sense and Kindness than mine can express, that my Letters are always welcome to you. So that even whilst your Kindness invites me to write to you, your Wit and Judgment forbids me; since I may return you a Letter, but never an Answer.

Now, as for my owning your Assistance to me, in over-looking my unmusical Numbers, and harsher Sense, and correcting them both, with your Genius, or Judgment; I must tell you I always own it, (in spite of your unpoetick Modesty) who would do with your Friendship as your Charity; conceal your Bounty to magnify the Obligation; and even whilst you lay on your Friend the Favour, acquit him of the Debt: But that shall not serve your turn; I will always own, 'tis my infallible Pope has, or would redeem me from a poetical Damning the second time; and save my Rhimes from being condemn'd to the Critics Flames, to all Eternity: But, by the Faith you profess, you know your works of Supererogation, transferr'd upon an humble, acknowledging Sinner, may save even Him; having good Works enough of your own besides, to ensure yours, and their Immortality.

And now for the pains you have taken to recommend my *Dulness*, by making it more

methodical, I give you a thousand thanks; since true and natural *Dulness* is shown more by its pretence to form and method, as the sprightliness of Wit by its despising both. I thank you a thousand times for your repeated Invitations to come to *Binfield*: — You will find, it will be as hard for you to get quit of my mercenary kindness to you, as it would for me to deserve, or to return yours; however, it shall be the Endeavour of my future Life, as it will be to demonstrate my self,

Yours, &c.

Mr. POPE's Reply.

Nov. 29, 1707.

THE Compliments you make me, in regard of any inconsiderable Service I could do you, are very unkind, and do but tell me in other words, that my Friend has so mean an opinion of me, as to think I expect acknowledgments for trifles; which upon my faith I shall equally take amiss, whether made to my self, or to any others. For God's sake, my dear Friend *Wycherley*, think better of me, and believe I desire no sort of Favour so much, as that
of

of serving you, more considerably than I have yet been able to do.

I shall proceed in this manner, with some others of your Pieces; but since you desire I should not deface your Copy for the future, and only mark the Repetitions; I must, as soon as I have mark'd these, transcribe what is left on another Paper; and in that, blot, alter, and add all I can devise, for their Improvement. For you are sensible, the Omission of *Repetitions* is but one, and the easiest Part, of yours and my Design; there remaining besides to rectify the *Method*, to connect the *Matter*, and to mend the *Expression* and *Versification*. I will go next upon the * Poems of *Solitude*, on the *publick*, and on the *mixt Life*; the *Bill of Fare*; the *Praises of Avarice*, and some others.

I must take some Notice of what you say, of "My pains to make your Dulness methodical;" and of your hint, that The "sprightliness of Wit despises method." This is true enough, if by *Wit* you mean no more than *Fancy* or *Conceit*; but in the better Notion of *Wit*, consider'd as *propriety*, surely *Method* is not only necessary for Perspicuity and Harmony of parts, but gives

* Some Brouillions of these, transcrib'd and very much blotted by Mr. Pope, are extant in the Harley Library.

beauty even to the minute and particular thoughts, which receive an additional advantage from those which precede or follow in their due place: According to a Simile Mr *Dryden* us'd in conversation, of Feathers in the Crowns of the wild *Indians*, which they not only chuse for the beauty of their Colours, but place them in such a manner as to reflect a Lustre on each other. I will not disguise any of my Sentiments from you: To *methodize* in your Case, is full as necessary as to *strike out*; otherwise you had better destroy the whole Frame, and reduce them into *single Thoughts* in *Prose*, like *Roche foucault*, as I have more than once hinted to you.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

Feb. 28, 1707-8.

I HAVE had yours of the 23d of this Instant, for which I give you many thanks, since I find by it, that even absence, the usual bane of Love, or Friendship, cannot lessen yours no more than mine. * As to your hearing of my being ill; I am glad,

* Mr. Pope had this from Mr. *Cromwell*, after his Enquiry, in these Words. " I returned to Town last *Saturday*, and inquiring (as you desir'd) about
and

and sorry for the report: In the first place, glad that it was not true; and in the next sorry that it should give you any disturbance, or concern more than ordinary for me; for which as well as your concern for my future well-being or life, I think my self most eternally oblig'd to you; assuring you, your concern for either will make me more careful of both. Yet for your sake I love this Life so well, that I shall the less think of the other; but 'tis in your power to ensure my Happiness in one and the other, both by your Society and good Example, so not only contribute to my felicity here, but hereafter.

Now as to your Excuse for the plainness of your Stile, or Letter, I must needs tell you, that Friendship is much more acceptable to a true Friend than Wit, which is generally false Reasoning; and a Friend's reprimand often shews more Friendship than his compliment: Nay Love, which is more than Friendship, is often seen, by our Friend's correction of our Follies or Crimes. Upon this Test of your Friendship, I intend to put you when I return to *London*, and thence

“ *Mr. Wycherley*, was told, in two several Places, that
“ he had been very ill, and that he was even gone off
“ our Stage: But I could not imagine this report to
“ be true, or that so great a Man could leave the
“ World, without its being instructed to lament so
“ considerable a Loss.”

to

to you at *Binsfeld*, which I hope will be within a Month.

Next to the News of your good Health, I am pleas'd with the good News of your going to print some of your Poems, and proud to be known by them to the Publick for your Friend; who intend, perhaps the same way, to be reveng'd of you for your kindness; by taking your Name in vain in some of my future Madrigals: yet so as to let the World know, my love or esteem for you are no more Poetick than my Talent in scribbling. But of all the Arts of Fiction, I desire you to believe I want that of feigning Friendship, and that I am sincerely, *Yours, &c.*

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

May 13, 1708.

I HAVE received yours of the first of *May*. Your Pastoral Muse outshines, in her modest and natural dress, all *Apollo's* Court Ladies, in their more artful, labour'd and costly Finery; therefore I am glad to find by your Letter, you design your Country-beauty of a Muse shall appear at Court and in Publick; to outshine all the farded, lewd, confident, affected, Town dowdies, who aim at being honour'd only to their Shame:

Shame: But her artful Innocence, on the contrary, will gain more Honour as she becomes more Publick; and in spite of Custom will bring Modesty again into Fashion, or at least make her Sister-rivals of this Age, blush for Spite, if not for Shame. As for my stale, antiquated, poetical Puffs, whom you would keep in countenance, by saying she has once been tolerable, and would yet pass Muster by a little licking over; it is true that, like most vain antiquated Jades, which have once been passable, she yet affects Youthfulness, in her Age, and would still gain a few Admirers, who the more she seeks, or labours for their liking, are but more her contemners. Nevertheless, she is resolv'd henceforth to be so cautious as to appear very little more in the World, except it be as an attendant on your Muse, or as a Foil, not a Rival to her Wit, or Fame: So that let your Country-gentlewoman appear when she will in the World *, my old worn-out Jade of a

* *This, and the following Extract, are a full Confutation of the Lying Spirit of John Dennis and others who impudently asserted that Mr. Pope wrote these Verses on himself, (tho' published by Mr. Wycherley six Years before his Death.) We find here it was a voluntary Act of his, promised before-hand, and written while Mr. Pope was absent. The first Brouillion of those Verses, and the second Copy with Corrections, are both yet extant, viz. in the Harley-Library, in Mr. Wycherley's own hand; from which will appear, that if they*
lost

lost Reputation, shall be her attendant into it, to procure her Admirers; as an old Whore who can get no more Friends of her own, bawds for others, to make Sport or Pleasure yet, one way or other, for Mankind. I approve of your making *Tonson* your Muse's Introduc'tor into the World, or Master of the Ceremonies, who has been so long a Pimp, or Gentleman-Usher to the Muses.

I wish you good Fortune; since a Man with store of Wit, as store of Money, without the help of good Fortune, will never be Popular; but I wish you a great many Admirers, which will be some Credit to my Judgment as well as your Wit, who always thought you had a great deal, and am

Yours, &c.

Extract from two Letters of Mr. WYCHERLEY of May 18, and of July 28, 1708.

I HAVE made a damn'd Compliment in Verse, upon the printing your Pastorals, which you shall see when you see me. — If you suffer my old Dowdy of a Muse to wait upon your sprightly Lads of the Plains,

received any alteration from Mr. Pope, it was in the Omission of some of his own Praises.

into

into the Company of the Town, 'twill be but like an old City-bawd's attending a young Country-beauty to Town, to gain her Admirers, when past the hopes of pleasing the World herself.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

May 17, 1709.

I MUST thank you for a Book of your Miscellanies which *Tonson* sent me, I suppose by your Order; and all I can tell you of it is, that nothing has lately been better receiv'd by the Publick, than your part of it; you have only displeas'd the Critics by pleasing them too well; having not left them a Word to say for themselves, against you and your Performances; so that now your hand is in you must persevere, 'till my Prophecies of you be fulfill'd. In earnest, all the best Judges of good Sense, or Poetry, are Admirers of yours; and like your Part of the Book so well, that the rest is lik'd the worse. This is true upon my word, without Compliment; so that your first Success will make you for all your Life a Poet, in spite of your Wit; for a Poet's Success at first, like a Gamester's Fortune at first, is like to make him a loser at last, and to be undone by his good fortune and merit.

VOL. I.

E

But

But hither your Miscellanies have safely run the Gantler, through all the Coffee-houses; which are now entertain'd with a whimsical new News-Paper, call'd, *The Tatler*, which I suppose you have seen. This is the newest thing I can tell you of, except it be of the Peace, which now, most People say, is drawing to such a Conclusion, as all *Europe* is, or must be satisfied with; so Poverty you see, which makes Peace in *Westminster-Hall*, makes it likewise in the Camp or Field, throughout the World: Peace then be to you, and to me; who am now grown peaceful, and will have no Contest with any Man, but him who says he is more your Friend, or humble Servant, than

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE's Answer.

May 20, 1709.

I AM glad you receiv'd the * *Miscellany*, if it were only to shew you that there are as bad Poets in this Nation as your Servant. This modern Custom of appearing in Miscellanies, is very useful to the Poets, who, like other Thieves, escape by getting into

* *Jacob Tonson's sixth Vol. of Miscellany Poems.*

into a Crowd, and herd together like *Banditti*, safe only in their Multitude. Methinks *Strada* has given a good Description of these kind of Collections; *Nullus hodie mortalium aut nascitur, aut moritur, aut praeliatur, aut rusticatur, aut abit peregre; aut redit, aut nubit; aut est, aut non est, (nam etiam mortuis isti canunt) cui non illi extemplo cudant Epicedia, Genethliaca, Protreptica, Panegyrica, Epithalamia, Vaticinia, Propemptica, Soterica, Parenetica, Nœnias, Nugas.* As to the success which you say my part has met with, it is to be attributed to what you were pleas'd to say of me to the World; which you do well to call your *Prophecy*, since whatever is said in my favour, must be a Prediction of things that are not yet; you, like a true Godfather, engage on my part for much more than ever I can perform. My Pastoral Muse, like other Country Girls, is but put out of Countenance, by what you Courtiers say to her; yet I hope you would not deceive me too far, as knowing that a young Scribbler's vanity needs no Recruits from abroad; for Nature like an indulgent Mother, kindly takes care to supply her sons with as much of their own, as is necessary for their Satisfaction. If my Verses should meet with a few flying Commendations, *Virgil* has taught me that a young Author has not too much

reason to be pleas'd with them, when he considers that the natural consequence of Praise, is Envy and Calumny.

— *Si ultra placitum laudarit, Baccare
frontem*

Cingite, ne Vati noceat mala lingua futuro:

When once a Man has appear'd as a Poet, he may give up his Pretensions to all the rich and thriving Arts: Those who have once made their court to those Mistresses without Portions, the Muses, are never like to set up for Fortunes. But for my part, I shall be satisfied if I can lose my Time agreeably this way, without losing my Reputation: As for gaining any, I am as indifferent in the Matter as *Falstaffe* was, and may say of *Fame* as he did of *Honour*, *If it comes, it comes unlook'd for; and there's an End on't.* I can be content with a bare saving game, without being thought an Eminent hand, with which Title *Jacob* has graciously dignified his adventurers and voluntiers in Poetry. *Jacob* creates Poets, as Kings sometimes do Knights, not for their honour, but for money. Certainly he ought to be esteem'd

Mr. WYCHERLEY and Mr. POPE. 43
esteem'd a worker of Miracles, who is
grown rich by Poetry.

*What Authors lose, their Booksellers have
won,
So Pimps grow rich; while Gallants are
undone.*

I am your, &c.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

May 26, 1709.

THE last I receiv'd from you, was dat-
ted the 22d of *May*. I take your
charitable hint to me very kindly, wherein
you do like a true Friend and a true Chri-
stian, and I shall endeavour to follow your
Advice, as well as your Example.—As for
your wishing to see your Friend an Hermit
with you, I cannot be said to leave the
world, since I shall enjoy in your conversa-
tion all that I can desire of it; nay, can
learn more from you alone, than from my
long experience of the great, or little vulgar
in it.

As to the success of your Poems in the
late Miscellany, I told you of in my last;
upon my word, I made you no Compliment,
for you may be assur'd, that all sorts of Rea-
ders

ders like them, except they are Writers too ; but for them, I must needs say, the more they like them, they ought to be the less pleas'd with 'em : So that you do not come off with a bare *Saving Game*, as you call it, but have gain'd so much Credit at first, that you must needs support it to the last : Since you set up with so great a Stock of good Sense, Judgment, and Wit, that your Judgment ensures all that your Wit ventures at. The Salt of your Wit has been enough to give a relish to the whole insipid Hotch-Potch it is mingled * with; and you will make *Jacob's Ladder* raise you to Immortality, by which others are turn'd off shamefully, to their Damnation, (for Poetick Thieves as they are) who think to be sav'd by others good works, how faulty soever their own are : But the Coffee-house Wits, or rather Anti-wits, the Critics, prove their Judgments by approving your Wit; and even the News-mongers and Poets will own you have more Invention than they; nay, the Detracters or the Envious, who never speak well of any Body, not even of those they think well of in their absence, yet will give you, even in your absence, their good Word; and the *Critics* only hate you, for being forced to speak well of you whether they

* *The sixth Volume of Tonson's Miscellanies.*

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they will or no; and all this is true, upon the word of,

Your, &c.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

Aug. 11, 1709.

MY Letters, so much inferior to yours, can only make up the scarcity of Sense by their number of Lines; which is like the *Spaniards* paying a Debt of Gold with a load of brass Money. But to be a Plain-dealer, I must tell you, I will revenge the raillery of your Letters upon mine, by printing them, as *Dennis* did mine, *without your knowledge too*, which wou'd be a revenge upon your Judgment, for the raillery of your Wit: For some dull Rogues, that is the most in the World, might be such Fools as to think what you said of me, was in earnest: It is not the first time you great Wits have gain'd Reputation by their paradoxical or ironical Praises; your Forefathers have done it, *Erasmus* and others. — For all Mankind who know me must confess, he must be no ordinary Genius, or little Friend, who can find out any thing to commend in me seriously; who have given no sign of my Judgment, but my Opinion of yours, nor
mark

mark of my Wit, but my leaving off Writing, to the publick, now you are beginning to shew the World, what you can do by yours; whose Wit is as spiritual as your Judgment infallible; in whose Judgment I have an implicit Faith, and shall always subscribe to it to save my Works in this World, from the Flames and Damnation.—— Pray present my most humble Service to Sir *W. Trumbull*; for whom and whose Judgment I have so profound a respect, that his Example had almost made me marry, more than my Nephew's ill Carriage to me; having once resolv'd to have reveng'd my self upon him by my Marriage, but now am resolv'd to make my revenge greater upon him by his Marriage.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

April 1, 1710.

I Have had yours of the 30th of the last Month, which is kinder than I desire it should be, since it tells me you cou'd be better pleas'd to be sick again in Town in my company, than to be well in the Country without it; and that you are more impatient to be depriv'd of Happiness than of Health: Yet, my dear Friend, set raillery or compliment

ment aside, I can bear your absence, which procures your Health and Ease, better than I can your company when you are in Pain; for I cannot see you so without being so too. Your love to the Country I do not doubt, nor do you, I hope, my love to it or you, since there I can enjoy your company without seeing you in Pain to give me Satisfaction and Pleasure; there I can have you without Rivals or Disturbers; without the C——s too civil, or the T——s too rude; without the Noise of the Loud, and the Censure of the Silent; and would rather have you abuse me there with the Truth, than at this distance with your Compliment: Since now, your business of a Friend and kindness to a Friend, is by finding fault with his Faults, and mending them by your obliging Severity. I hope, in point of your good nature, you will have no cruel Charity for those Papers of mine, you were so willing to be troubled with; which I take most infinitely kind of you, and shall acknowledge with gratitude, as long as I live. No Friend can do more for his Friend than preserving his Reputation, (nay not by preserving his Life) since by preserving his Life he can only make him live about three-score or fourscore Years; but by preserving his Reputation, he can make him live as long as the World lasts; so save him from
damn-

damning, when he is gone to the Devil : Therefore I pray condemn me in private, as the Thieves do their Accomplices in *Newgate*, to save them from condemnation by the Publick. Be most kindly unmerciful to my poetical Faults, and do with my Papers, as you Country-gentlemen do with your Trees, slash, cut, and lop-off the Excrecencies and dead Parts of my wither'd Bayes, that the little remainder may live the longer, and increase the value of them, by diminishing the number. I have troubled you with my Papers rather to give you Pain than Pleasure, notwithstanding your compliment, which says, you take the trouble kindly : Such is the generosity to your Friends, that you take it kindly to be desired by them to do them a kindness; and you think it done to you, when they give you an Opportunity to do it to them. Wherefore you may be sure to be troubled with my Letters out of Interest, if not Kindness; since mine to you will procure yours to me, so that I write to you more for my own sake than yours; less to make you think I write well, than to learn from you to write better. Thus you see Interest in my Kindness, which is like the Friendship of the World, rather to make a Friend than be a Friend; but I am yours, as a true *Plain dealer*.

Mr.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

April 11, 1710.

IF I can but do part of my Business at *Shrewsbury* in a Fortnight's time, which I propose to do, I will be soon after with you, and trouble you with my Company, for the remainder of the Summer: In the mean time I beg you to give yourself the pains of altering, or leaving out what you think superfluous in my Papers, that I may endeavour to print such a Number of them as you and I shall think fit, about *Michaelmas* next; in order to which, my dear Friend, I beg you to be so kind to me, as to be severe to them; that the Critics may be less so; for I had rather be condemn'd by my Friend in private, than expos'd to my Foes in public, the Critics, or common Judges, who are made such by having been old Offenders themselves. Pray believe I have as much Faith in your Friendship and Sincerity, as I have Deference to your Judgment; and as the best Mark of a Friend, is telling his Friend his Faults in private, so the next is concealing them from the publick, 'till they are fit to appear; in the mean time I am not a little sensible of the great kindness you do me, in the trouble you take for me,

me, in putting my Rhimes in Tune, since good Sounds set off often ill Sense, as the *Italian* Songs, whose good Airs, with the worst Words, or Meaning, make the best Musick; so by your tuning my *Welsh* Harp, my rough Sense may be the less offensive to the nicer Ears of those Critics, who deal more in Sound than Sense. Pray then take Pity at once both of my Readers and me, in shortning my barren Abundance, and increasing their Patience by it, as well as the Obligations I have to you; and since no Madrigaller can entertain the Head, unless he pleases the Ear; and since the crowded Opera's have left the best Comedies with the least Audiences, 'tis a sign Sound can prevail over Sense; therefore soften my Words, and strengthen my Sense, and

Eris mihi magnus Apollo.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

April 27, 1710.

YOU give me an account in your Letter, of the trouble you have undergone for me, in comparing my Papers you took down with you, with the old printed Volume, and with one another of that Bundle

dle you have in your hands ; amongst which, you say, you find numerous † repetitions, of the same Thoughts and Subjects ; all which I must confess my want of Memory has prevented me from imagining ; as well as made me capable of committing them ; since, of all Figures, that of Tautology is the last I would use, or least forgive my self for ; but seeing is believing ; wherefore I will take some pains to examine and compare those Papers in your hands, with one another, as well as with the former printed Copies or Books, of my damn'd Miscellanies ; all which, as bad a Memory as I have, with a little more pains and care, I think I can remedy ; therefore I would not have you give your self more trouble about them, which may prevent the pleasure you have, and may give the World, in writing upon new Subjects of your own, whereby you will much better entertain your self and others. Now as to your Remarks upon the whole Volume of my Papers ; all that I desire of you, is to mark in the Margin, without defacing the Copy at all, either any Repetition of Words, Matter, or Sense, or any Thoughts, or Words too much repeated ; which if you will be so kind as to do for

VOL. I. F me,

† *The Truth of this may be seen in the whole printed Volume of his Miscellanies in Folio, in 1704, in almost every Page.*

me, you will supply my *want of Memory* with your good One, and my *Deficiencies of Sense*, with the Infallibility of yours; which if you do, you will most infinitely oblige me, who almost repent the trouble I have given you, since so much. Now as to what you call Freedom with me, which you desire me to forgive, you may be assur'd I would not forgive you unless you did use it; for I am so far from thinking your Plainness a Fault, or an Offence to me, that I think it a Charity and an Obligation; which I shall always acknowledge, with all sort of Gratitude to you for it, who am therefore,

Dear Mr. Pope,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

W. WYCHERLEY.

All the News I have to send you, is, that poor Mr. *Betterton* is going to make his *Exit* from the Stage of this World, the Gout being gotten up into his Head, and, as the Physicians say, will certainly carry him off suddenly.

Mr.

Mr. POPE's Answer.

May 2, 1710.

I AM sorry you persist to take ill my not accepting your Invitation, and to find, if I mistake not, your Exception not unmixt with some Suspicion. Be certain I shall most carefully observe your Request, not to cross over, or deface the Copy of your Papers for the future, and only to mark in the Margin the Repetitions: But as this can serve no further than to get rid of those Repetitions, and no way rectify the *Method*, nor connect the *Matter*, nor improve the *Poetry* in *Expression* or *Numbers*, without further blotting, adding, and altering; so it really is my opinion, and desire, that you should take your Papers out of my hands into your own; and that no Alterations may be made but when both of us are present; when you may be satisfied with every Blot, as well as every Addition, and nothing be put upon the Papers but what you shall give your own sanction and assent to, at the same time.

Do not be so unjust, as to imagine from hence, that I would decline any part of this Task: On the contrary you know, I have been at the pains of transcribing some Pieces,

at once to comply with your desire of not defacing the Copy, and yet to lose no Time in proceeding upon the Correction. I will go on the same way if you please; tho' truly it is, as I have often told you, my sincere Opinion, that the greater Part would make a much better Figure, as *Single Maxims* and *Reflections* in Prose, after the manner of your favourite *Roche foucault*, than in Verse:

* And this, when nothing more is done but marking the Repititions in the Margin, will be an easy Task for your self to proceed upon, notwithstanding the bad Memory you complain of.

I am unfeignedly, dear Sir,

Your, &c.

* *Mr. Wycherley lived five Years after, to December 1715, but little progress was made in this Design, thro' his Old age, and the increase of his Infirmities. However some of the Verses which had been touch'd by Mr P. with 308 of these Maxims in Prose were found among his Papers, which having the misfortune to fall into the Hands of a Mercenary, were published in 1728, in Octavo, under the Title of The Posthumous Works of William Wycherley, Esq;*

LET.

LETTERS

O F

Mr. *Walsh* and Mr. *Pope*,

From the YEAR 1705 to 1707.

Mr. WALSH to Mr. POPE.

April 20, 1705.

I Return you the † Papers you favour'd me with, and had sent them to you yesterday morning, but that I thought to have brought them to you last night my self. I have read them over several times with great satisfaction. The Preface is very judicious and very learned; and the Verses very tender and easy. The Author seems to have a particular Genius for that

* Of Abberley in Worcestershire, Gentleman of the Horse in Queen Anne's reign, Author of several beautiful pieces in Prose and Verse, and in the Opinion of Mr. Dryden, (in his Postscript to Virgil,) the best Critic of our Nation in his time.

† Mr. Pope's Pastorals.

kind of Poetry, and a Judgment that much exceeds the years you told me he was of. He has taken very freely from the Ancients, but what he has mixt of his own with theirs, is no way inferior to what he has taken from them. 'Tis no flattery at all to say, that

Virgil had written nothing so good at his Age *. I shall take it as a favour if you will bring me acquainted with him; and if he will give himself the trouble any morning to call at my House, I shall be very glad to read the Verses over with him, and give him my opinion of the particulars more largely than I can well do in this Letter. I am,

Sir, -

Your most faithful

and most humble Servant,

W. WALSH.

Mr. WALSH to Mr. POPE

June 24, 1706.

I Receiv'd the favour of your Letter, and shall be very glad of the continuance of a corres-

a correspondence by which I am like to be so great a gainer. I hope when I have the happiness of seeing you again in *London*, not only to read over the Verses I have now of yours, but more that you have written since; for I make no doubt but any one who writes so well, must write more. Not that I think the most voluminous Poets always the best, I believe the contrary is rather true. I mentioned somewhat to you in *London* of a *Pastoral Comedy*, which I should be glad to hear you had thought upon since. I find *Menage* in his observations upon *Tasso's Aminta*, reckons up fourscore Pastoral Plays in *Italian*: And in looking over my old *Italian* Books, I find a great many Pastorals and Piscatory Plays, which I suppose *Menage* reckons together. I find also by *Menage*, that *Tasso* is not the first that writ in that kind, he mentioning another before him, which he himself had never seen, nor indeed have I. But as the *Aminta*, *Pastor Fido*, and *Filli di Sciro* of *Bonarelli* are the three best, so I think there is no dispute but *Aminta* is the best of the three: Not but that the Discourses in *Pastor Fido* are more entertaining and copious in several peoples opinion, tho' not so proper for Pastoral, and the Fable of *Bonarelli* more surprizing. I do not remember many in other Languages, that have written in this kind with success.

Racan's

Racan's Bergeries are much inferior to his Lyrick Poems; and the *Spaniards* are all too full of Conceits. *Rapin* will have the design of Pastoral Plays, to be taken from the *Cyclops* of *Euripides*. I am sure there is nothing of this kind in *Engliss* worth mentioning, and therefore you have that Field open to yourself. You see I write to you without any sort of constraint or method, as things come into my head, and therefore pray use the same freedom with me, who am, &c.

Mr POPE to Mr. WALSH.

July 2, 1706.

I Cannot omit the first opportunity of making you my acknowledgments of reviewing those Papers of mine. You have no less right to correct me, than the same hand that rais'd a Tree has to prune it. I am convinc'd as well as you, that one may correct too much; for in Poetry as in Painting, a Man may lay Colours one upon another, till they stiffen and deaden the Piece. Besides to bestow heightning on every part is monstrous; Some parts ought to be lower than the rest; and nothing looks more ridiculous, than a Work, where the Thoughts, however different in
their

their own nature, seem all on a level: 'Tis like a Meadow newly mown, where *Weeds*, *Grass*, and *Flowers* are all laid even, and appear undistinguish'd I believe too that sometimes our first Thoughts are the best, as the first squeezing of the Grapes makes the finest and richest Wine.

I have not attempted any thing of Pastoral Comedy, because I think the Taste of our Age will not relish a Poem of that sort. People seek for what they call *Wit*, on all Subjects, and in all Places; not considering that Nature loves Truth so well, that it hardly ever admits of flourishing: *Conceit* is to Nature what *Paint* is to Beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it wou'd improve. There is a certain Majesty in Simplicity which is far above all the Quaintness of Wit: insomuch that the Critics have excluded it from the loftiest Poetry, as well as the lowest, and forbid it to the Epic no less than the Pastoral. I should certainly displease all those who are charm'd with *Guarini* and *Bonarelli*, and imitate *Tasso* not only in the Simplicity of his Thoughts, but in that of the *Fable* too. If surprising discoveries shou'd have place in the story of a Pastoral Comedy, I believe it wou'd be more agreeable to Probability to make them the effects of *Chance* than of *Design*; Intrigue not being very consistent with that Innocence, which

which ought to constitute a Shepherd's Character. There is nothing in all the *A-minta*, as I remember, but happens by mere accident; unless it be the meeting of *Amin-ta* with *Sylvia* at the *Fountain*, which is the contrivance of *Daphne*, and even that is the most simple in the world: The contrary is observable in *Pastor Fido*, where *Corisca* is so perfect a Mistress of Intrigue, that the Plot cou'd not have been brought to pass without her. I am inclin'd to think the Pastoral Comedy has another disadvantage, as to the *Manners*: Its general design is to make us in love with the Innocence of a rural Life, so that to introduce Shepherds of vicious Character must in some measure debase it; and hence it may come to pass, that even the virtuous Characters will not shine so much, for want of being oppos'd to their contraries.—These Thoughts are purely my own, and therefore I have reason to doubt them: But I hope your Judgment will set me right.

I wou'd beg your opinion too as to another point: It is how far the liberty of *Borrowing* may extend? I have defended it sometimes by saying, that it seems not so much the Perfection of Sense, to say things that have *never* been said before, as to express those *best* that have been said *oftenest*; and that Writers in the case of borrowing from others,

others, are like Trees which of themselves wou'd produce only one sort of Fruit, but by being grafted upon others, may yield variety. A mutual commerce makes Poetry flourish; but then Poets like Merchants, shou'd repay with something of their own what they take from others; not like Pyrates, make prize of all they meet. I desire you to tell me sincerely, if I have not stretch'd this Licence too far in these Pastorals? I hope to become a Critic by your Precepts, and a Poet by your Example. Since I have seen your Eclogues, I cannot be much pleas'd with my own; however you have not taken away all my Vanity, so long as you give me leave to profess my self,

Your, &c.

Mr. WALSH to Mr. POPE.

July 20, 1706.

I Had sooner returned you thanks for the favour of your Letter, but that I was in hopes of giving you an account at the same time of my Journey to *Windsor*; but I am now forc'd to put that quite off, being engag'd to go to my Corporation of *Richmond* in *Yorkshire*. I think you are perfectly in the right in your Notions of Pastoral, but I
am

am of opinion, that the redundancy of Wit you mention, tho' 'tis what pleases the common people, is not what ever pleases the best judges. *Pastor Fido* indeed has had more admirers than *Aminta*; but I will venture to say, there is a great deal of difference between the admirers of one and the other. *Corisca*, which is a Character generally admir'd by the ordinary judges, is intolerable in a Pastoral; and *Bonarelli's* fancy of making his Shepherdes in love with two Men equally, is not to be defended, whatever pains he has taken to do it. As for what you ask of the *Liberty of Borrowing*; 'tis very evident the best *Latin* Poets have extended this very far; and none so far as *Virgil*, who is the best of them. As for the *Greek* Poets, if we cannot trace them plainly, 'tis perhaps because we have none before them; 'tis evident that most of them borrow'd from *Homer*, and *Homer* has been accus'd of burning those that wrote before him, that his Thefts might not be discover'd. The best of the modern Poets in all Languages, are those that have the nearest copied the Ancients. Indeed in all the common Subjects of Poetry, the Thoughts are so obvious (at least if they are natural) that whoever writes last, must write things like what have been said before: But they may as well applaud the Ancients for the Arts of eating and drinking, and accuse the
the

the Moderns of having stol'n those Inventions from them; it being evident in all such cases, that whoever live first, must first find them out. 'Tis true, indeed, when

—*unus & alter Affuitur pannus,*

when there is one or two bright Thoughts stol'n, and all the rest is quite different from it, a Poem makes a very foolish figure: But when 'tis all melted down together, and the Gold of the Ancients so mixt with that of the Moderns, that none can distinguish the one from the other, I can never find fault with it. I cannot however but own to you, that there are others of a different opinion, and that I have shewn your Verses to some who have made that objection to them. I have so much Company round me while I write this, and such a noise in my ears, that 'tis impossible I should write any thing but Nonsense, so must break off abruptly, I am, Sir.

*Your most affectionate
and most humble Servant.*

Mr. WALSH to Mr. POPE.

Sept. 9, 1706.

AT my return from the North I receiv'd
the favour of your Letter, which had
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lain there till then. Having been absent about six weeks, I read over your Pastorals again, with a great deal of pleasure, and to judge the better read *Virgil's* Eclogues, and *Spenser's* Calendar, at the same time; and I assure you I continue the same Opinion I had always of them. By the little hints you take upon all occasions to improve them, 'tis probable you will make them yet better against Winter; tho' there is a mean to be kept even in that too, and a Man may correct his Verses till he takes away the true Spirit of them; especially if he submits to the correction of some who pass for great Critics, by mechanical Rules, and never enter into the true Design and Genius of an Author. I have seen some of these that would hardly allow any one good Ode in *Horace*, who cry *Virgil* wants fancy, and that *Homer* is very incorrect. While they talk at this rate, one would think them above the common rate of mortals: but generally they are great admirers of *Ovid* and *Lucan*, and when they write themselves, we find out all the Mystery. They scan their Verses upon their Fingers; run after Conceits and glaring Thoughts; their Poems are all made up of Couplets, of which the first may be last, or the last first, without any sort of prejudice to their Works; in which there is no Design, or Method, or any thing Natural or Just.

Just. For you are certainly in the right, that in all Writings whatsoever (not Poetry only) *Nature* is to be follow'd; and we shou'd be jealous of our selves for being fond of *Similies*, *Conceits*, and what they call saying *Fine Things*. When we were in the North, my Lord *Wharton* shew'd me a Letter he had receiv'd from a certain great * General in *Spain*; I told him I wou'd by all means have that General recall'd, and set to writing here at home, for it was impossible that a Man with so much Wit as he shew'd, cou'd be fit to command an Army, or do any other Business. As for what you say of Expression; 'tis indeed the same thing to Wit, as Dress is to Beauty: I have seen many Women over-dress'd, and several look better in a careless Night-gown, with their hair about their ears, than Mademoiselle *Spanheim* dress'd for a Ball. I do not design to be in *London* till towards the Parliament: then I shall certainly be there; and hope by that time you will have finish'd your Pastorals as you would have them appear in the world, and particularly the third *Autumn* which I have not yet seen. Your last Eclogue being upon the same Subject as that of mine on Mrs. *Tempest's* Death, I shou'd take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn, as if it

* *The Earl of Peterborough.*

were to the Memory of the same Lady, if they were not written for some particular Woman whom you wou'd make immortal. You may take occasion to shew the difference between Poets Mistresses, and other Men's. I only hint this, which you may either do, or let alone just as you think fit. I shall be very much pleas'd to see you again in Town, and to hear from you in the mean time. I am with very much esteem,

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE to Mr. WALSH.

Oct. 22, 1706.

AFTER the Thoughts I have already sent you on the subject of *English* Versification, you desire my opinion as to some farther particulars. There are indeed certain Niceties, which tho' not much observed, even by correct Versifiers, I cannot but think deserve to be better regarded.

1. It is not enough that nothing offends the Ear, but a good Poet will adapt the very Sounds, as well as Words, to the things he treats of. So that there is, if one may express it so, a Style of Sound. As in describing a gliding Stream, the Numbers should run easy and flowing; in describing a rough
Tor-

Torrent or Deluge, sonorous and swelling, and so of the rest. This is evident every where in *Homer* and *Virgil*, and no where else that I know of to any observable degree. The following Examples will make this plain, which I have taken from *Vida*.

*Molle viam tacito lapsu per levia radit.
Incedit tardo molimine subsidendo.
Luctantes ventos, tempestatesque sonoras.
Immenso cum præcipitans ruit Oceano Nox.
Telum imbelli sine ictu, Conjecit.
Tolle moras, cape saxa manu, cape robora
Pastor,
Ferte citi flammæ data tela, repellite
pestem.*

This, I think, is what very few observe in practice, and is undoubtedly of wonderful force in imprinting the Image on the reader: We have one excellent Example of it in our Language, Mr. *Dryden's* Ode on *St. Cecilia's* Day, entitled, *Alexander's Feast*.

2. Every nice Ear, must, I believe, have observ'd, that in any smooth *English* Verse of ten syllables, there is naturally a *Pause* at the fourth, fifth, or sixth syllable. It is upon these the Ear rests, and upon the judicious Change and Management of which depends the Variety of Versification. For example,

At the fifth. *Where'er thy Navy § spreads
her canvass Wings,*

At the fourth. *Homage to thee § and Peace
to all she brings.*

At the sixth. *Like Tracks of Leverets § in
Morning Snow.*

Now I fancy, that to preserve an exact Harmony and Variety, the Pauses of the 4th or 6th shou'd not be continu'd above three lines together, without the Interposition of another; else it will be apt to weary the Ear with one continu'd Tone, at least it does mine: That at the 5th runs quicker, and carries not quite so dead a weight, so tires not so much tho' it be continued longer.

3. Another nicety is in relation to *Expletives*, whether Words or Syllables, which are made use of purely to supply a vacancy: *Do* before Verbs plural is absolutely such; and it is not improbable but future Refiners may explode *did* and *does* in the same manner, which are almost always used for the sake of Rhime. The same Cause has occasioned the promiscuous use of *You* and *Thou* to the same Person, which can never sound so graceful as either one or the other.

4. I would also object to the Irruption of *Alexandrine* Verses of twelve syllables, which I think should never be allow'd but when
some

some remarkable Beauty or Propriety in them atones for the Liberty: Mr. *Dryden* has been too free of these, especially in his latter Works. I am of the same opinion as to *Triple Rhimes*.

5. I could equally object to the *Repetition* of the same Rhimes within four or six lines of each other, as tiresome to the Ear thro' their Monotony.

6. *Monosyllable Lines*, unless very artfully managed, are stiff, or languishing; but may be beautiful to express Melancholy, Slowness, or Labour.

7. To come to the *Hiatus*, or Gap between two words which is caus'd by two Vowels opening on each other, upon which you desire me to be particular, I think the rule in this case is either to use the *Cesura*, or admit the *Hiatus*, just as the Ear is least shock'd by either: For the *Cesura* sometimes offends the Ear more than the *Hiatus* itself, and our language is naturally overcharg'd with Consonants: As for example; If in this Verse,

The Old have Int'rest ever in their Eye,
we should say, to avoid the *Hiatus*,

But th' Old have Int'rest——

The *Hiatus* which has the worst effect,
is when one word ends with the same Vowel
that

that begins the following; and next to this, those Vowels whose sounds come nearest to each other are most to be avoided. O, A, or U, will bear a more full and graceful Sound than E, I, or Y. I know some people will think these Observations trivial, and therefore I am glad to corroborate them by some great Authorities, which I have met with in *Tully* and *Quintilian*. In the fourth Book of Rhetoric to *Herennius*, are these words: *Fugiemus crebras Vocalium concursiones, quæ vastam atque hiantem reddunt orationem; ut hoc est, Bacce æneæ amanissimæ impendebant.* And *Quintilian*, l. 9. cap. 4. *Vocalium concursus cum accidit, hiat & intersistit, at quasi laborat oratio. Pessimi longe quæ easdem inter se literas committunt, sonabunt: Præcipuus tamen erit hiatus earum quæ cavo aut patulo ore efferuntur. E plenior litera est, I angustior.* But he goes on to reprove the excels on the other hand of being too solicitous in this matter, and says admirably, *Nescio an negligentia in hoc, aut sollicitudo sit peior.* So likewise *Tully*, (*Orator ad Brut.*) *Theopompum reprehendunt, quod eas literas tanto opere fugerit, etsi idem magister ejus Isocrates:* Which last Author, as *Turnebus* on *Quintilian* observes, has hardly one *Hiatus* in all his Works. *Quintilian* tells us, that *Tully* and *Demosthenes* did not much observe this

this Nicety, tho' Tully himself says in his O-
rator, *Crebra ista Vocum concursio, quam
magna ex parte vitiosam, fugit Demosthenes.*
If I am not mistaken, *Malherbe* of all the
Moderns has been the most scrupulous in
this point, and I think *Menage* in his Ob-
servations upon him says, he has not one in
his Poems. To conclude, I believe the *Hi-*
atus should be avoided with more care in
Poetry than in Oratory; and I would con-
stantly try to prevent it, unless where the
cutting it off is more prejudicial to the Sound
than the *Hiatus* it self.

I am, &c;

*Mr. Walsh died at 49 Years old, in the Year 1708.
The Year after, Mr. Pope writ the Essay on Criti-
cism, in which he gives him this Elogy.*

Such late was *Walsh*, the Muses Judge and Friend;
Who justly knew to blame or to commend:
To failings mild, but zealous for desert,
The clearest Head, and the sincerest Heart.

L E T.

LETTERS

O F

Mr. POPE to H. C. Esq;

From 1708 to 1711.

March 18, 1708.

I Believe it was with me when I left the Town, as it is with a great many Men when they leave the World, whose loss it self they do not so much regret, as that of their Friends whom they leave behind in it. For I do not know one thing for which I can envy *London*, but for your continuing there. Yet I guess you will expect I should recant this Expression, when I tell you, that *Sapho*, by which heathenish Name you have christen'd a very orthodox Lady, did not accompany me into the Country. However, I will confess my self the less concern'd on that account, because I have
no

no very violent Inclination to lose my Heart, especially in so wild and savage a place as this Forest is: In the Town, 'tis ten to one but a young fellow may find his stray'd Heart again, with some *Wild-street* or *Dru-ry-lane* Damsel; but here, where I could have met with no redress from an unmerciful, virtuous Dame, I must for ever have lost my little Traveller in a Hole, where I cou'd never rummage to find him again. — Well, Sir, you have your Lady in the Town still, and I have my Heart in the Country still, which being wholly unemploy'd as yet, has the more room in it for my Friends, and does not want a Corner at your Service. — To be serious, you have extreamly oblig'd me by your Frankness and Kindness to me; And if I have abus'd it by too much Freedom on my part, I hope you will attribute it to the natural Openness of my Temper, which hardly knows how to show Respect, where I feel Affection. I wou'd love my Friend, as my Mistress, without Ceremony; and hope a little rough Usage sometimes may not be more displeasing to the one, than it is to the other.

If you have any Curiosity to know in what manner I live, or rather lose a Life, *Martial* will inform you in one Line: (the Translation of which cost a Friend of ours three in *Engliss*,

One

*One short, one long,
One soft, one strong,
One right, one wrong.)*

Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lego, ceno, quiesco.

Every Day with me is literally another yesterday ; for it is exactly the same : It has the same Business, which is Poetry ; and the same Pleasure, which is Idleness. A man might indeed pass his Time much better, but I question if any Man could pass it much easier. If you will visit our Shades this Spring, which I very much desire, you may perhaps instruct me to manage my Game more wisely , but at present I am satisfy'd to trifle away my Time any Way, rather than let it stick by me ; as Shop keepers are glad to be rid of those Goods at any rate, which would otherwise always be lying upon their hands.

Sir, if you will favour me sometimes with your Letters, it will be a great Satisfaction to me on several accounts ; and on this in particular, That it will show me, to my Comfort, that even a wise Man is sometimes very idle ; for so you must needs be when you can find leisure to write to

Your, &c.

April

Mr. POPE to H. C. Esq;

75

April 27, 1708.

I Have nothing to say to you in this Letter; but I was resolv'd to write to tell you so. Why should not I content my self with so many great Examples, of deep Divines, profound Casuists, grave Philosophers; who have written, not Letters only, but whole Tomes and voluminous Treatises about Nothing? Why shou'd a Fellow like me, who all his life does nothing, be ashamed to write nothing? and that to one who has nothing to do but to read it? But perhaps you'll say, the whole World has something to do, something to talk of, something to wish for, something to be imploy'd about: But pray, Sir, cast up the Account, put all these Somethings together, and what is the Sum Total but just Nothing? I have no more to say, but to desire to give you my Service, that is nothing, to your Friends, and to believe that I am nothing more than

Your, &c.

Ex nihilo nil fit.

LUCR.

May 10, 1708.

YOU talk of Fame and Glory, and of the great Men of Antiquity: Pray tell me, what are all your great dead Men,
VOL. I. H but

but so many little living Letters? What a vast Reward is here for all the Ink wasted by Writers, and the Blood spilt by Princes? There was in old time one *Severus* a Roman Emperor. I dare say you never call'd him by any other Name in your Life: and yet in his days he was styl'd *Lucius, Septimius, Severus, Pius, Pertinax, Augustus, Parthicus, Adiabenicus, Arabicus, Maximus,*—and what not? What a prodigious waste of Letters has Time made! what a Number have here dropt off, and left the poor surviving Seven unattended! For my own part, Four are all I have to take care for; and I'll be judg'd by you if any man cou'd live in less compass? except it were one Monsieur *D.* and one *Romulus* * * But these, contrary to the common Calamity, came in process of time, to be call'd Monsieur *Boileau Despreaux*, and *Romulus Three points*.—Well, Sir, for the future I'll drown all high Thoughts in the *Lethe* of Cowslip-Wine; as for Fame, Renown, Reputation, take 'em Critics!

Tradam protervis in Mare Criticum
Ventis——

If ever I seek for Immortality here, may I be d——d! for there's not so much danger in a *Poet's* being damn'd: *Damna*—

*Damnation follows death in other Men,
But your damn'd Poet lives and writes agen.*

November 1, 1708.

I Have been so well satisfy'd with the Country ever since I saw you, that I have not so much as once thought of the Town, or enquir'd of any one in it besides Mr. *Wycherley* and your self. And from him I understand of your Journey this Summer into *Leicestershire*; from whence I guess you are return'd by this time, to your old Apartment in the Widow's Corner, to your old Business of comparing Critics, and reconciling commentators; and to the old diversions of a losing game at picquet with the ladies, and half a play, or a quarter of a play, at the theatre; where you are none of the malicious Audience, but the chief of the amorous Spectators; and for the infirmity of one * Sense which there for the most part could only serve to distinguish you, enjoy the vigour of another which ravishes you.

*You know, when one Sense is suppress'd,
It but retires into the rest.*

(According to the poetical, not the learned, *Dodwell*; who has done one thing wor-

* His Hearing:

H 2

thy

thy of eternal memory; wrote two lines in his life that are not nonsense!) So you have the advantage of being entertain'd with all the beauty of the boxes, without being troubled with any of the dulness of the Stage. You are so good a Critic, that 'tis the greatest happiness of the modern Poets that you do not hear their works; and next, that you are not so arrant a critic, as to damn them, like the rest, without hearing. But now I talk of those critics, I have good news to tell you concerning myself, for which I expect you shou'd congratulate with me: It is that beyond all my expectations, and far above my demerits, I have been most mercifully repriev'd by the sovereign power of *Jacob Tonson*, from being brought forth to publick punishment; and respited from time to time from the hands of those barbarous executioners of the Muses, whom I was just now speaking of. It often happens that guilty Poets, like other guilty criminals, when once they are known and proclaim'd, deliver themselves into the hands of Justice, only to prevent others from doing it more to their disadvantage; and not out of any Ambition to spread their fame, by being executed in the face of the world, which is a fame but of short continuance. That Poet were a happy man who cou'd but obtain a grant to preserve his for ninety-nine years; for

for those names very rarely last so many days, which are planted either in *Jacob Tonson's*, or the *Ordinary of Newgate's* Miscellanies.

I have an hundred things to say to you, which shall be deferr'd till I have the happiness of seeing you in town, for the season now draws on, that invites every body thither. Some of them I had communicated to you by Letters before this, if I had not been uncertain where you pass'd your time the last season: So much fine weather, I doubt not, has given you all the pleasure you cou'd desire from the country, and your own thoughts the best company in it. But nothing cou'd allure Mr. *Wycherley* to our Forest, he continu'd (as you told me long since he wou'd) an obstinate lover of the town, in spite of friendship and fair weather. Therefore henceforward, to all those considerable qualities I know you possess of, I shall add that of Prophecy. But I still believe Mr. *Wycherley's* intentions were good, and am satisfied that he promises nothing but with a real design to perform it: how much soever his other excellent qualities are above my imitation, his sincerity, I hope, is not; and it is with the utmost that I am,

Sir, &c.

H. C.

J. J.

Jan. 22, 1708-9.

I Had sent you the inclos'd * Papers before this time, but that I intended to have brought them my self, and afterwards cou'd find no opportunity of sending them without suspicion of their miscarrying; not that they are of the least value, but for fear some body might be foolish enough to imagine them so, and inquisitive enough to discover those faults which I, by your help, wou'd correct. I therefore beg the favour of you to let them go no farther than your chamber, and to be very free of your remarks in the margins, not only in regard to the accuracy, but to the fidelity of the translation; which I have not had time of late to compare with its original. And I desire you to be the more severe, as it is much more criminal for me to make another speak nonsense, than to do it in my own proper person. For your better help in comparing, it may be fit to tell you, that this is not an entire version of the first book. There is an omission from the 168th line——*Jam murmura serpunt plebis agenoreæ*—— to the 312th.

* This was a Translation of the first Book of Statius, done when the Author was but 14 Years old, as appears by an Advertisement before the first Edition of it in a Miscellany publish'd by B. Lintot, 8vo, 1711.

312th ——— *Interea patriis olim vagus exul
ab oris* ——— (between these * two *Statius*
has a description of the council of the Gods,
and a speech of *Jupiter*; which contain a
peculiar beauty and majesty, and were left
out for no other reason, but because the con-
sequence of this machine appears not till the
second book.) The translation goes on from
thence to the words *Hic vero ambobus ra-
biem fortuna cruentam*, where there is an odd
account of a battle at fifty-cuffs between the
two Princes on a very slight occasion, and
at a time when one would think the fatigue
of their journey in so tempestuous a night,
might have render'd them very unfit for such
a scuffle. This I had actually translated, but
was very ill satisfied with it, even in my own
words, to which an author cannot but be
partial enough of conscience; it was there-
fore omitted in this copy, which goes on
above eighty lines farther, at the words —
Hic primum lustrare oculis, &c. ——— to the
end of the book.

You will find, I doubt not, that *Statius*
was none of the discreetest Poets, tho' he
was the best versifier next *Virgil*: in the ve-
ry beginning he unluckily betrays his igno-
rance in the rules of Poetry, (which *Horace*
had

* These be since translated, and they are extant in the
printed Version.

had already taught the *Romans*) when he asks his Muse where to begin his *Thebaid*, and seems to doubt whether it should not be *ab ovo Led.ec?* when he comes to the scene of his Poem, and the prize in dispute between the Brothers, he gives us a very mean opinion of it ——— *Pugna est de paupere regno.*—Very different from the conduct of his master *Virgil*, who at the entrance of his Poem informs his reader of the greatness of its subject, ——— *Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere Gentem.* (*Boslu on Epic Poetry.*) There are innumerable little faults in him, among which I cannot but take notice of one in this book, where speaking of the implacable hatred of the brothers, he says, *The whole world would be too small a prize to repay so much impiety.*

*Quid si peteretur crimine tanto
Limes uterque Poli, quem Sol emissus Eoo
Cardine, aut portu vergens prospectat I-
bero?*

This was pretty well, one wou'd think already, but he goes on.

*Quasque procul terras obliquo-sydere
tangit
Auius, aut Boreæ gelidas, madidive te-
pentes
Igne Noti* *After*

After all this, what cou'd a Poet think of but Heaven itself for the Prize? but what follows is astonishing.

— *Quid si Tyriae Phrygiaeve sub unum
Convectentur Opes?*

I do not remember to have met with so great a fall in any antient author whatsoever. I shou'd not have insisted so much on the faults of this Poet, if I did not hope you wou'd take the same freedom with, and revenge it upon, his Translator. I shall be extreamly glad if the reading this can be any amusement to you, the rather because I had the dissatisfaction to hear you have been confin'd to your chamber by an illness, which I fear was as troublesome a companion as I have sometimes been to you in the same place; where if ever you found any pleasure in my company, it must surely have been that which most men take in observing the faults and follies of another; a pleasure which you see I take care to give you even in my absence.

If you will oblige me at your leisure with the confirmation of your recovery, under your own hand, it will be extreamly grateful to me, for next to the pleasure of seeing my friends, is that I take in hearing from them; and in this particular, I am beyond all ac-
know.

knowledgments oblig'd to our friend Mr. *Wycherley*, who, as if it were not enough to have excell'd all men in wit, is resolv'd to excel them in good-nature too. I know I need no apology to you for speaking of Mr. *Wycherley*, whose example as I am proud of following in all things, so in nothing more than in professing my self like him,

Your, &c.

May 7, 1709.

YOU had long before this time been troubled with a Letter from me, but that I deferr'd it till I cou'd send you either the * *Miscellany*, or my continuation of the *Version of Statius*. The first I imagin'd you might have had before now, but since the contrary has happen'd, you may draw this Moral from it, That Authors in general are more ready to write nonsense, than Booksellers are to publish it. I had I know not what extraordinary flux of rhyme upon me for three days together, in which time all the verses you see added, have been written;

* Jacob Tonson's *sixth Volume of Poetical Miscellanies*, in which Mr. Pope's *Pastorals* and some *Versions of Homer and Chaucer* were first printed.

ten; which I tell you that you may more freely be severe upon them. 'Tis a mercy I do not assault you with a number of original Sonnets and Epigrams, which our modern Bards put forth in the spring-time, in as great abundance, as Trees do Blossoms, a very few whereof ever come to be Fruit, and please no longer than just in their birth. So that they make no less haste to bring their flowers of wit to the press, than gardeners to bring their other flowers to the market, which if they can't get off their hands in the morning, are sure to die before night. Thus the same reason that furnishes *Covent-garden* with those nosegays you so delight in, supplies the *Muses Mercury*, and *British Apollo* (not to say *Jacob's Miscellanies*) with Verses. And it is the happiness of this age, that the modern invention of printing Poems for pence a-piece, has brought the Nosegays of *Parnassus* to bear the same price; whereby the publick-spirited Mr. *Henry Hills* of *Blackfryars* has been the cause of great ease and singular comfort to all the Learned, who never over abounding in transitory coin, shou'd not be discontented, methinks, even tho' Poems were distributed *gratis* about the streets, like *Bunyan's* Sermons, and other pious treatises, usually publish'd in a like Volume and Character.

The

The time now drawing nigh, when you use with *Sapho* to cross the Water in an Ev'ning to *Spring-Garden*, I hope you will have a fair opportunity of ravishing her: — I mean only (as *Oldfox* in the *Plain-dealer* says) thro' the ear, with your well-penn'd Verses. I have been told of a very lucky Compliment of an Officer to his Mistress in the very same place, which I cannot but set down (and desire you at present to take it in good part instead of a *Latin* Quotation) that it may some time or other be improv'd by your pronounciation, while you walk *Solus cum Sola* in those amorous shades.

*When at Spring-garden Sapho deigns t' appear,
The flow'rs march in her van, musk in her rear.*

I wish you all the pleasures which the Season and the Nymph can afford; the best Company, the best Coffee, and the best News you can desire. And what more to wish you than this, I do not know; unless it be a great deal of patience to read and examine the Verses I send you; and I promise you in return a great deal of deference to your judgment, and an extraordinary obedience to your sentiments for the future, to which you know I have been sometimes a
little

little refractory. If you will please to begin where you left off last, and mark the margins, as you have done in the pages immediately before, (which you will find corrected to your sense since your last perusal,) you will extreamly oblige me, and improve my Translation. Besides those places which may deviate from the sense of the Author, it wou'd be very kind in you to observe any deficiencies in the Diction or Numbers. The *Hiatus* in particular I wou'd avoid as much as possible, to which you are certainly in the right to be a profess'd enemy; tho' I confess I could not think it possible at all times to be avoided by any writer, till I found by reading *Malherbe* lately, that there is scarce any throughout his poems. I thought your observation true enough to be pass'd into a Rule, but not a rule without exceptions, nor that ever it had been reduc'd to practice: But this example of one of the most correct and best of their Poets has undeceiv'd me, and confirms your opinion very strongly, and much more than Mr. *Dryden's* Authority, who tho' he made it a rule, seldom observ'd it.

Yours, &c.

June 10, 1709.

I Have receiv'd part of the Version of *Statius*, and return you my thanks for your remarks which I think to be just, except where you cry out (like one in *Horace's Art of Poetry*) *Pulchre, bene, recte!* There I have some fears, you are often, if not always, in the wrong.

One of your objections, namely on that passage,

The rest, revolving years shall ripen into Fate,

may be well grounded, in relation to its not being the exact sense of the words—* *Cætera reliquo ordine ducam.* But the duration of the Action of *Statius's* poem may as well be excepted against, as many things besides in him: (which I wonder *Bosſu* has not observ'd) For instead of confining his narration to *one year*, it is manifestly exceeded in the very first two books: The Narration begins with *Oedipus's* prayer to the *Fury* to promote discord betwixt his Sons: Afterward the Poet expressly describes their entering into the agreement of reigning a year by turns; and *Polynices* takes his flight for *Thebes* on his brother's refusal to resign the throne.

* See the first book of *Statius*, Verse 302.

throne. All this is in the first Book; in the next, *Tydeus* is sent Ambassador to *Etheocles*, and demands his resignation in these.

—— *Astriferum velox jam circulus orbem
Torfit, & amissæ redierunt montibus umbrae,
Ex quo frater inops, ignota per oppida tristes
Exul agit casus* ——

But *Bossu* himself is mistaken in one particular, relating to the commencement of the Action; saying in Book 2. Chap. 8. that *Statius* opens it with *Europa's Rape*, whereas the Poet at most only deliberates whether he shou'd or not?

—— *Unde jubetis
Ire, Deæ? Gentisne canam primordia, diræ,
Sidonios raptus? &c.*

but then expressly passes all this with a *Longa retro series* —— and says

—— *Limes mibi carminis esto
Oedipodæ confusa domus* ——

Indeed there are numberless particulars blame-worthy in our Author, which I have try'd to soften in the version :

—*Dubiamq; jugo fragor impulit Oeten
In latus, & geminis vix fluctibus obstitit
Isthmus*

is most extravagantly hyperbolical: Nor did I ever read a greater piece of Tautology than

———*Vacua cum solus in Aula
Respiceres jus omne tuum, cunctosq; Minores,
Et nusquam par stare caput.*

In the Journey of *Polynices* is some geographical error,

———*In mediis audit duo littora campis*

could hardly be; for the *Isthmus* of *Corinth* is full five miles over: And *Caligantes abrupto sole Mycenas*, is not consistent with what he tells us, in *Lib. 4. lin. 305*: “ that those
“ of *Mycenæ* came not to the war at this
“ time, because they were then in confusi-
“ on by the divisions of the Brothers, *Atre-*
“ *us* and *Thyestes*: ” Now from the raising the Greek Army against *Thebes*, back to the time of this journey of *Polynices*, is (according to *Statius*’s own account) three years.

Your, &c.

July

July. 17, 1709

THE Morning after I parted from you, I found my self, as I had prophecy'd, all alone, in an uneasy Stage-Coach; a doleful change from that agreeable company I enjoy'd the night before! without the least hope of entertainment but from my last recourse in such cases, a Book. I then began to enter into acquaintance with the *Moralists*, and had just receiv'd from them some cold consolation for the inconveniencies of this life, and the incertainty of human affairs; when I perceiv'd my Vehicle to stop, and heard from the side of it the dreadful news of a sick Woman preparing to enter it. 'Tis not easy to guess at my mortification, but being so well fortify'd with Philosophy I stood resign'd with a Stoical constancy to endure the worst of evils, a sick Woman. I was indeed a little comforted to find, by her voice and dress, that she was Young and a Gentlewoman; but no sooner was her hood remov'd, but I saw one of the finest faces I ever beheld, and to increase my surprize, heard her salute me by my name. I never had more reason to accuse Nature for making me short sighted than now, when I could not recollect I had ever seen those fair eyes which knew me so well, and was utterly at

a loss how to address my self; till with a great deal of simplicity and innocence she let me know, (even before I discover'd my ignorance,) that she was the daughter of one in our Neighbourhood, lately marry'd, who having been consulting her Physicians in Town, was returning into the Country, to try what good Air and a new Husband cou'd do to recover her. My Father, you must know, has sometimes recommended the Study of Physick to me, but I never had any ambition to be a Doctor till this instant. I ventur'd to prescribe some Fruit, (which I happen'd to have in the Coach,) which being forbidden her by her Doctors, she had the more inclination to. In short, I tempted, and she eat; nor was I more like the Devil than she like *Eve*. Having the good success of the 'foresaid Gentleman before my eyes, I put on the Gallantry of the old Serpent, and in spite of my evil Form accosted her with all the Gaiety I was master of; which had so good effect, that in less than an hour she grew pleasant, her colour return'd, and she was pleas'd to say my prescription had wrought an immediate cure: In a word, I had the pleasantest journey imaginable.

Thus far (methinks) my Letter has something of the air of a Romance, tho' it be true. But I hope you will look on what follows

follows as the greatest of truths, That I think my self extreamly oblig'd by you in all points, especially for your kind and honourable Information and Advice in a matter of the utmost concern to me, which I shall ever acknowledge as the highest proof at once of your friendship, justice, and sincerity. At the same time be assur'd, that Gentleman we spoke of, shall never by any alteration in me discover my knowledge of his Mistake; the hearty forgiving of which is the only kind of Return I can possibly make him for so many favours. And I may derive this pleasure at least from it, that whereas I must otherwise have been a little uneasy to know my incapacity of returning to his Obligations; I may now, by bearing his Frailty, exercise my Gratitude and Friendship more than Himself either is, or perhaps ever will be sensible of.

*Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, Amores
Abstulit; ille habeat secum, servetque Sepulchro!*

But in one thing, I must confess you have your self oblig'd me more than any man, which is, that you have shew'd me many of my Faults, to which as you are the more an implacable Enemy, by so much the more you are a kind Friend to me. I cou'd be proud,

proud, in revenge, to find a few slips in your verses, which I read in *London*, and since in the Country with more application and pleasure: the thoughts are very just, and you are sure not to let them suffer by the Versification. If you wou'd oblige me with the trust of any thing of yours, I shou'd be glad to execute any commissions you would give me concerning them. I am here so perfectly at leisure, that nothing wou'd be so agreeable an entertainment to me; but if you will not afford me that, do not deny me at least the satisfaction of your Letters as long as we are absent, if you wou'd not have him very unhappy who is very sincerely

Your, &c.

Having a vacant space here, I will fill it with a short *Ode on Solitude*, which I found yesterday by great accident, and which I find by the date was written when I was not twelve years old; that you may perceive how long I have continu'd in my passion for a rural life, and in the same employments of it.

Happy the man, whose wish and care

A few paternal Acres bound,

Content to breathe his native air,

In his own ground.

Whose

Mr. POPE to H. C. Esq;

95

*Whose herds with milk, whose fields with
bread,*

*Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.*

*Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, Peace of mind,
Quiet by day,*

*Sound sleep by night; Study and Ease,
Together mixt; sweet Recreation,
And Innocence which most does please,
With Meditation,*

*Thus, let me live unseen, unknown,
Thus, unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie!*

August 19, 1709.

IF I were to write to you as often as I think of you, my Letters wou'd be as bad as a Rent-charge; but tho' the one be but too little for your Good-nature, the other wou'd be too much for your Quiet; which is one blessing Good-nature shou'd indispensably receive from mankind, in return
for

for those many it gives. I have been inform'd of late, how much I am indebted to that quality of yours, in speaking well of me in my absence; the only thing by which you prove your self no Wit or Critic: Tho' indeed I have often thought, that a friend will show just as much indulgence, and no more, to my faults when I am absent, as he does severity to 'em when I am present. To be very frank with you, Sir, I must own, that where I receiv'd so much Civility at first, I cou'd hardly have expected so much Sincerity afterwards. But now I have only to wish, that the last were but equal to the first, and that as you have omitted nothing to oblige me, so you wou'd omit nothing to improve me.

I caus'd an acquaintance of mine to enquire twice of your welfare, by whom I have been inform'd, that you have left your speculative Angel in the Widow's Coffee-house, and bidding adieu for some time to all the *Rehearsals, Reviews, Gazettes, &c.* have march'd off into *Lincolnshire*. Thus I find you vary your life in the scene at least, tho' not in the Action; for tho' Life for the most part, like an old Play, be still the same, yet now and then a new Scene may make it more entertaining. As for my self, I would not have my life a very regular Play, let it be a good merry Farce, a G-d's name, and a
fig.

fig for the critical Unities! Yet, on the other side, I wou'd as soon write like *Durfey*, as live like *T——e*; whose beastly, yet merry life, is, if you will excuse such a similitude, not unlike a *F——t*, at once nasty and laughable. For the generality of men, a true modern life is like a true modern play, neither Tragedy, Comedy, nor Farce, nor one, nor all of these: every Actor is much better known by his having the same Face, than by keeping the same Character; for we change our minds as often as they can their parts, and he who was yesterday *Cæsar*, is to day Sir *John Daw*. So that one might ask the same question of a modern life, that *Rich* did of a modern play; "Pray do me the favour, Sir, to inform me; Is this your Tragedy or your Comedy?"

I have dwelt the longer upon this, because I persuade my self it might be useful, at a Time when we have no other Theatre, to divert our selves at this great one. Here is a glorious standing Comedy of Fools, at which every man is heartily merry, and thinks himself an unconcern'd Spectator. This, to our singular comfort, neither my Lord Chamberlain, nor the Queen her self can ever shut up, or silence. While that of *Drury* (alas!) lies desolate in the profoundest peace: and the melancholy prospect of the Nymphs yet lingring about its beloved

loved avenues, appears no less moving than that of the *Trojan* Dames lamenting over their ruin'd *Ilium*! What now can they hope, dispossest of their antient seats, but to serve as Captives to the insulting Victors of the *Hay-Market*? The afflicted subjects of *France* do not, in our *Post-man*, so grievously deplore the obstinacy of their arbitrary Monarch, as these perishing people of *Drury* the obdurate heart of that *Pharaoh*, *Rich*, who like him, disdains all Proposals of peace and accommodation. Several Libels have been secretly affix'd to the great gates of his imperial palace in *Bridges-street*; and a Memorial representing the distresses of these persons, has been accidentally dropt, as we are credibly inform'd by a person of quality, out of his first Minister the chief Box-keeper's pocket, at a late Conference of the said Person of quality and others, on the part of the Confederates, and his Theatrical Majesty on his own part. Of this you may expect a copy as soon as it shall be transmitted to us from a good hand. As for the late Congress, it is herereported, that it has not been wholly ineffectual; but this wants confirmation; yet we cannot but hope the concurring prayers and tears of so many wretched Ladies may induce this haughty Prince to reason.

I am, &c.
October

October 19, 1709.

I MAY truly say I am more oblig'd to you this summer than to any of my Acquaintance, for had it not been for the two kind letters you sent me, I had been perfectly, *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus & illis* The only companions I had were those Muses of whom Tully says, *Adolescentiam alunt, Senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur*. Which indeed is as much as ever I expected from them; for the Muses, if you take them as Companions, are very pleasant and agreeable; but whoever should be forc'd to live or depend upon 'em, would find himself in a very bad condition. That Quiet, which Cowley calls the *Companion of Obscurity*, was not wanting to me, unless it was interrupted by those fears you so justly guess I had for our Friend's welfare. 'Tis extreamly kind in you to tell me the news you heard of him, and you have deliver'd me from more anxiety than he imagines me capable of on his account, as I am convinc'd by his long silence. However the love of some things rewards itself, as of Virtue, and of Mr. Wycherley. I am surpriz'd at the danger you tell me he

has been in, and must agree with you, that our nation would have lost in him alone, more wit, and probity, than would have remain'd, for ought I know, in all the rest of it. My concern for his friendship will excuse me, (since I know you honour him so much, and since you know I love him above all men) if I vent a part of my uneasiness to you, and tell you, that there has not been wanting one to insinuate malicious untruths of me to Mr. *Wycherley*, which I fear may have had some effect upon him. If so, he will have a greater Punishment for his credulity than I cou'd wish him, in that fellow's acquaintance. The loss of a faithful creature is something, tho' of ever so contemptible an one; and if I were to change my Dog for such a Man as the aforesaid, I shou'd think my Dog undervalu'd: (who follows me about as constantly here in the country, as I was us'd to do Mr. *Wycherley* in the Town.)

Now I talk of my Dog, that I may not treat of a worse subject which my spleen tempts me to, I will give you some account of him; a thing not wholly unprecedented, since *Montaigne*, to whom I am but a Dog in comparison, has done the very same thing of his Cat. *Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agam?* You are to know then, that as 'tis Likeness begets affection, so my favourite dog

dog is a little one, a lean one, and none of the finest shap'd. He is not much a Spaniel in his fawning, but has (what might be worth any man's while to imitate from him) a dumb surly sort of kindness, that rather shews itself when he thinks me ill-us'd by others, than when we walk quietly and peaceably by our selves. If it be the chief point of Friendship to comply with a friend's Motions and Inclinations, he possesses this in an eminent degree; he lies down when I sit, and walks when I walk, which is more than many good friends can pretend to, witness our Walk a year ago in St. James's Park.—Histories are more full of examples of the Fidelity of Dogs than of Friends, but I will not insist upon many of 'em, because it is possible some may be almost as fabulous as those of *Pylades* and *Orestes*, &c. I will only say for the honour of Dogs, that the two most antient and esteemable books sacred and prophane extant, viz. the *Scripture* and *Homer*, have shewn a particular regard to these animals. That of *Toby* is the more remarkable, because there was no manner of reason to take notice of the Dog, besides the great humanity of the Author. *Homer's* account of *Ulysses's* Dog *Argus*, is the most pathetick imaginable, all the Circumstances consider'd, and an excellent proof of the old Bard's Good-nature. *Ulysses* had left him at

Ithaca when he embark'd for *Troy*, and found him at his return after twenty years, (which by the way is not unnatural as some Critics have said, since I remember the dam of my dog was twenty two years old when she dy'd: May the omen of longævity prove fortunate to her successor !) You shall have it in verse.

A R G U S.

*When wise Ulysses from his native coast
 Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,
 Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone,
 To all his friends, and ev'n his Queen, un-
 known,
 Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and
 cares,
 Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his
 hairs,
 In his own Palace forc'd to ask his bread,
 Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,
 Forgot of all his own domestick crew;
 The faithful Dog alone his rightful Master
 knew!
 Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
 Like an old servant now cashier'd, he lay;
 Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,
 And longing to behold his antient Lord
 again.*

Him

Him when he saw—he rose, and crawl'd to
 meet,
 ('Twas all he cou'd) and fawn'd, and kiss'd
 his feet,
 Seiz'd with dumb joy —— then falling by his
 side,
 Own'd his returning Lord, look'd up, and
 dy'd!

Plutarch relating how the *Athenians*
 were oblig'd to abandon *Athens* in the time
 of *Themistocles*, steps back again out of the
 way of his History, purely to describe the
 lamentable cries and howlings of the poor
 Dogs they left behind. He makes mention
 of one, that follow'd his Master a-cross the
 Sea to *Salamis*, where he died and was ho-
 nour'd with a Tomb by the *Athenians*, who
 gave the name of the *Dog's Grave* to that
 part of the Island where he was buried:
 This respect to a dog in the most polite Peo-
 ple of the world, is very observable. A
 modern instance of gratitude to a Dog, tho'
 we have but few such, is, that the chief
 Order of *Denmark*, now injuriously call'd
 the Order of the *Elephant*, was instituted
 in memory of the fidelity of a dog nam'd
Wild-brat, to one of their Kings who had
 been deserted by his subjects: He gave his
 Order this motto, or to this effect, which
 still remains, *Wild-Brat was faithful*. Sic

William Trumbull has told me a story which he heard from one that was present: King *Charles I.* being with some of his Court during his troubles, a discourse arose what sort of dogs deserv'd pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the Spaniel or Greyhound, the King gave his opinion on the part of the Greyhound, because, said he, it has all the *Good-nature* of the other, without the *Fawning*. A good piece of satire upon his Courtiers, with which I will conclude my Discourse of Dogs. Call me a Cynick, or what you please, in revenge for all this impertinence, I will be contented; provided you will but believe me when I say a bold word for a christian, that of all dogs, you will find none more faithful than

Your, &c.

April 10, 1710.

I Had written to you sooner, but that I made some scruple of sending profane things to you in Holy week. Besides our Family would have been scandaliz'd to see me write, who take it for granted I write nothing but ungodly Verses. I assure you I am look'd upon in the Neighbourhood for a very well-dispos'd person, no great Hunter indeed,

indeed, but a great Admirer of the noble sport, and only unhappy in my want of constitution for that, and Drinking. They all say 'tis pity I am so sickly, and I think 'tis pity they are so healthy. But I say nothing that may destroy their good Opinion of me: I have not quoted one *Latin* Author since I came down, but have learn'd without book a Song of Mr. *Thomas Durfey's*, who is your only Poet of tolerable reputation in this Country. He makes all the merriment in our Entertainments, and but for him, there would be so miserable a dearth of Catches, that I fear they wou'd put either the Parson or me upon making some for 'em. Any man, of any quality, is heartily welcome to the best Topeing-Table of our Gentry, who can roar out some Rhapsodies of his works: So that in the same manner as it was said of *Homer* to his Detractors, What? dares any man speak against Him who has given so many men to *Eat*? (meaning the Rhapsodists who liv'd by repeating his verses) thus may it be said of Mr. *Durfey* to his Detractors; Dares any one despise Him, who has made so many men *Drink*? Alas, Sir! this is a glory which neither you nor I must ever pretend to. Neither you with your *Ovid*, nor I with my *Statius*, can amuse a whole board of Justices and extraordinary 'Squires, or gain one hum of approbation,

bation, or laugh of admiration! These things (they wou'd say) are too studious, they may do well enough with such as *love Reading*, but give us your antient Poet Mr. *Durfey*! 'Tis mortifying enough, it must be confess'd; but however, let us proceed in the way that nature has directed us ——— *Multi multa sciunt, sed nemo omnia*, as it is said in the Almanack. Let us communicate our works for our mutual comfort; send me Elegies, and you shall not want Heroicks. At present, I have only these *Arguments in Prose* to the *Thebaid*, which you claim by promise, as I do your Translation of *Pars me Sulmo tenet*. ——— and the *Ring*: The rest I hope for, as soon as you can conveniently transcribe 'em, and whatsoever orders you are pleas'd to give me shall be punctually obey'd by

Your, &c.

May 10, 1710.

I Had not so long omitted to express my acknowledgments to you for so much good-nature and friendship as you lately shou'd me; but that I am but just return'd to my own Hermitage, from Mr. *Caryl's*, who has done me so many favours, that I am almost inclin'd to think my Friends infect
one

one another, and that your conversation with him has made him as obliging to me as your self. I can assure you he has a sincere respect for you, and this I believe he has partly contracted from me, who am too full of you not to overflow upon those I converse with. But I must now be contented to converse only with the Dead of this world, that is to say, the dull and obscure, every way obscure, in their intellects as well as their persons: Or else have recourse to the living Dead, the old Authors with whom you are so well acquainted, even from *Virgil* down to *Aulus Gellius*, whom I do not think a Critic by any means to be compar'd to Mr. *Dennis*: And I must declare positively to you, that I will persist in this opinion, till you become a little more civil to *Atticus*. Who cou'd have imagin'd, that he who had escap'd all the misfortunes of his Time, unhurt even by the Proscriptions of *Antony* and *Augustus*, should in these days find an Enemy more severe and barbarous than those Tyrants? and that Enemy the gentlest too, the best-natur'd of mortals, Mr. C——? Whom I must in this compare once more to *Augustus*; who seem'd not more unlike himself, in the Severity of one part of his Life, and the Clemency of the other, than you. I leave you to reflect on this, and hope that Time, which
mol-

mollifies rocks, and of stiff things makes limber, will turn a resolute critic to a gentle reader; and instead of this positive, tremendous, new fashion'd Mr. C——, restore unto us our old acquaintance, the soft, beneficent, and courteous Mr. C——.

I expect much, towards the civilizing of you in your critical capacity, from the innocent Air and Tranquility of our Forest, when you do me the favour to visit it. In the mean time, it would do well by way of Preparative, if you would duly and constantly every morning read over a Pastoral of *Theocritus* or *Virgil*; and let the Lady *Isabella* put your *Macrobius* and *Aulus Gellius* somewhere out of your way, for a month or so. Who knows, but Travelling and long Airing in an open field, may contribute more successfully to the cooling a Critic's severity, than it did to the asswaging of Mr. *Cheek's* Anger, of old? In these fields you will be secure of finding no enemy, but the most faithful and affectionate of your friends, &c.

May 17, 1710.

AFTER I had recover'd from a dangerous Illness which was first contracted in Town, about a fortnight after my com-

coming hither I troubled you with a Letter, and a paper inclos'd, which you had been so obliging as to desire a sight of when last I saw you, promising me in return some translations of yours from *Ovid*. Since when, I have not had a syllable from your hands, so that 'tis to be fear'd that tho' I have escap'd Death, I have not Oblivion. I shou'd at least have expected you to have finish'd that Elegy upon me, which you told me you was upon the point of beginning when I was sick in *London*; if you will but do so much for me first, I will give you leave to forget me afterwards; and for my own part will die at discretion, and at my leisure. But I fear I must be forc'd like many learned Authors, to write my own Epitaph, if I would be remember'd at all. *Monsieur de la Fontaine's* would fit me to a hair, but it is a kind of Sacrilege, (do you think it is not?) to steal Epitaphs. In my present, living dead condition, nothing would be properer than *Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus & illis*, but that unluckily I can't forget my Friends, and the civilities I receiv'd from your self, and some others. They say indeed 'tis one quality of generous minds to forget the obligations they have conferr'd and perhaps too, it may be so to forget those on whom they conferr'd 'em? Then indeed I must be forgotten to all intents and purposes: I am, it must

must be own'd, dead in a natural capacity, according to Mr. *Bickerstaff*; dead in a poetical capacity, as a damn'd author; and dead in a civil capacity, as a useless member of the Commonwealth. But reflect, dear Sir, what melancholy effects may ensue, if Dead men are not civil to one another? If he who has nothing to do himself will not comfort and support another in his idleness? If those who are to die themselves, will not now and then pay the charity of visiting a Tomb and a dead friend, and strowing a few flowers over him? In the shades where I am, the Inhabitants have a mutual compassion for each other: Being all alike *Inanes*, and *Umbratiles*, we saunter to one another's habitations, and daily assist each other in doing nothing at all; this I mention for your edification and example, that *Tout plein du vie* as you are, yet you may not sometimes disdain — *despère in loco*. Tho' you are no Papist, and have not so much regard to the dead as to address your self to them, which I plainly perceive by your silence, yet I hope you are not one of those Heterodox, who hold them to be totally insensible of the good Offices and kind Wishes of their living friends, and to be in a dull State of Sleep, without one dream of those they left behind them? If you are, let this Letter convince you to the contrary, which assures

Mr. POPE to H. C. Esq;

III

tures you, I am still, tho' in a State of Separation,

Your, &c.

P. S. This Letter of Deaths, puts me in mind of poor Mr. *Betterton's*; over whom I wou'd have this Sentence of *Tully* for an Epitaph.

Vitæ bene actæ jucundissima est Recordatio.

June 24, 1710.

'TIS very natural for a young Friend, and a young Lover, to think the persons they love have nothing to do but to please them; when perhaps they, for their parts, had twenty other engagements before. This was my case when I wonder'd I did not hear from you; but I no sooner receiv'd your short Letter, but I forgot your long silence; and so many fine things as you said of me could not but have wrought a cure on my own Sickness, if it had not been of the nature of that, which is deaf to the Voice of the Charmer. 'Twas impossible you could have better tim'd your compliment on my Philosophy; it was certainly properest to commend me for it just when I most needed it, and when I could least be proud of it;

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that

that is, when I was in pain. 'Tis not easy to express what an exaltation it gave to my Spirits, above all the cordials of my Doctor; and 'tis no compliment to tell you, that your Compliments were sweeter than the sweetest of his Juleps and Syrups. But if you will not believe so much,

*Pour le moins, votre Compliment
M'a soulage dans ce moment;
Et des qu' on me l'est venu faire,
J'ay chassé mon Apoticaire,
Et renvoyé mon Lavement.*

Nevertheless I would not have you entirely lay aside the thoughts of my Epitaph, any more than I do those of the probability of my becoming, ere long, the subject of one. For Death has of late been very familiar with some of my Size; I am told my Lord Lumley and Mr. Litton are gone before me; and tho' I may now without vanity esteem my self the least thing like a Man in *England*, yet I can't but be sorry, two Heroes of such a make should die inglorious in their beds; when it had been a fate more worthy our size, had they met with theirs from an irruption of Cranes, or other warlike Animals, those ancient enemies to our *Pygmaean* Ancestors! You of a superior species little regard what befalls us *Homunculos Sesquipedales*;

dales; however you have no reason to be so unconcern'd, since all Physicians agree there is no greater sign of a Plague among Men, than a Mortality among Frogs. I was the other day in company with a Lady, who rally'd my Person so much, as to cause a total subversion of my countenance: Some days after, to be reveng'd on her, I presented her among other company the following *Rondeau* on that Occasion, which I desire you to show *Sapbo*.

*You know where you did despise
(T'other day) my little Eyes,
Little Legs, and little Thighs,
And some Things of little Size,
You know where.*

*You, 'tis true, have fine black Eyes,
Taper Legs, and tempting Thighs,
Yet what more than all we prize
Is a Thing of little Size,
You know where.*

This sort of writing call'd the *Rondeau* is what I never knew practis'd in our Nation, and I verily believe it was not in use with the *Greeks* or *Romans*; neither *Macrobius* nor *Hyginus* taking the least notice of it. 'Tis to be observ'd, that the vulgar spelling and pronouncing it *Round O*, is a

manifest Corruption, and by no means to be allow'd of by Criticks. Some may mistakenly imagine that it was a sort of *Rondeau* which the *Gallick* Soldiers sung in *Cæsar's* Triumph over *Gaul*—— *Gallias Cæsar subegit*, &c. as it is recorded by *Suetonius* in *Julio*, and so derive its original from the ancient *Gauls* to the modern *French*: But this is erroneous; the words there not being rang'd according to the Laws of the *Rondeau*, as laid down by *Clement Marot*. If you will say, that the Song of the Soldiers might be only the rude beginning of this kind of Poem, and so consequently imperfect, neither *Heinsius* nor I can be of that Opinion; and so I conclude, that we know nothing of the matter.

But, Sir, I ask your pardon for all this Buffoonry, which I could not address to any one so well as to you, since I have found by experience, you most easily forgive my impertinencies. 'Tis only to shew you that I am mindful of you at all times, that I write at all times; and as nothing I can say can be worth your reading, so I may as well throw out what comes uppermost, as study to be dull. I am, &c.

Mr.

Mr. POPE to H. C. Esq;

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Mr. C — to Mr. POPE.

July 15, 1710.

AT last I have prevail'd over a lazy humour to transcribe this Elegy: I have chang'd the situation of some of the *Latin* Verses, and made some Interpolations, but I hope they are not absurd, and foreign to my Author's sense and manner; but they are referr'd to your censure, as a debt, whom I esteem no less a Critic than a Poet: I expect to be treated with the same rigour as I have practis'd to Mr. *Dryden* and you,

— *Hanc veniam petimusq; damusq; vicissim.*

I desire the favour of your Opinion, why *Priam*, in his speech to *Pyrrhus*, in the second *Æneid*, says this to him,

At non ille satum quo te mentiris, Achilles.

He wou'd intimate, I fancy by *Pyrrhus's* answer, only his degeneracy: But then these following lines of the Version, I suppose from *Homer's* History, seem absurd in the mouth of *Priam*, viz.

*He cheer'd my sorrows, and for sums of gold,
The bloodless carcase of my Hector sold.*

I am, Your, &c.

L 3

Mr.

Mr. POPE's Answer.

July 20, 1710.

I Give you thanks for the Version you sent me of *Ovid's* Elegy. It is very much an image of that author's writing, who has an agreeableness that charms without correctness, like a mistress whose faults we see, but love her with them all. You have very judiciously alter'd his method in some places, and I can find nothing which I dare insist upon as an error: What I have written in the margins being merely Guesses at a little improvement, rather than Criticisms. I assure you I do not expect you should subscribe to my private notions, but when you shall judge 'em agreeable to reason and good sense. What I have done is not as a Critic, but as a Friend; I know too well how many qualities are requisite to make up the one, and that I want almost all I can reckon up; but I am sure I do not want inclination, nor I hope capacity, to be the other. Nor shall I take it at all amiss, that another dissents from my opinion: 'Tis no more than I have often done from my own; and indeed, the more a man advances in understanding, he becomes the more every day a critic upon himself, and finds something or other still to blame

blame in his former notions and opinions. I cou'd be glad to know if you have translated the 11th Elegy of *Lib. 2. Ad amicam navigantem*, the 8th of Book 3, or the 11th of Book 3, which are above all others my particular favourites, especially the last of these.

As to the passage of which you ask my opinion in the second *Æneid*, it is either so plain as to require no solution; or else, (which is very probable) you see farther into it than I can. *Priam* wou'd say, that "*Achilles* (whom surely you only feign to be your Father, since your actions are so different from his) did not use me thus inhumanly. He blush'd at his murder of *Hector* when he saw my sorrows for him; and restored his dead body to me to be buried." To this the answer of *Pyrrhus* seems to be agreeable enough. "Go then to the shades, and tell *Achilles* how I degenerate from him:" granting the truth of what *Priam* had said of the difference between them. Indeed Mr. *Dryden*'s mentioning here what *Virgil* more judiciously passes in silence, the circumstance of *Achilles*'s selling for money the body of *Hector*, seems not so proper; it in some measure less'ning the character of *Achilles*'s generosity and piety, which is the very point of which *Priam* endeavours in this place to convince his Son, and to reproach him with the

the want of. But the truth of this circumstance is no way to be question'd, being expressly taken from *Homer*, who represents *Achilles* weeping for *Priam*, yet receiving the gold, *Iliad* 24: For when he gives the body, he uses these words, " O my friend "*Patroclus*! forgive me that I quit the "*corps* of him who kill'd thee; I have "*great gifts* in ransom for it, which I will "*bestow* upon thy funeral." I am, &c.

Mr. C to Mr. POPE.

August 3, 1710.

Looking among some *French* Rhymes, I was agreeably surpriz'd to find in the *Rondeau* of * *Pour le moins* — your *Apoticaire* and *Lavement*, which I took for your own; so much is your *Muse* of Intelligence with the Wits of all languages. You have refin'd upon *Voiture*, whose *Ou Vous Scavez* is much inferior to your *You know where* — You do not only pay your club with your author, (as our friend says) but the whole reckoning; who can form such pretty lines from so trivial a hint.

For my † *Elegy*; 'tis confess'd, that the *Topography* of *Sulmo* in the *Latin* makes

* *In Voiture's Poems.*

† *Ovid's Amorum, l. 2. El. 16. Paus me Sulmo, &c.*
but

but an awkward figure in the Version. Your couplet of the *Dog-Star* is very fine, but may be too sublime in this place. I laugh'd heartily at your note upon *Paradise*; for to make *Ovid* talk of the Garden of *Eden*, is certainly most absurd: But *Xenophon* in his *Oeconomicks*, speaking of a garden finely planted and watered, as is here described, calls it *Paradisos*: 'Tis an interpolation indeed, and serves for a gradation to the *Cælestial Orb*; which expresses in some sort the *Sidus Castoris in parte Cæli* — How *Trees* can enjoy, let the naturalists determine; but the Poets make 'em sensitive, lovers, batchelors, and married. *Virgil* in his *Georgicks* Lib. 2. *Horace* Ode 15. Lib. 2. *Platanus cælebs evincet ulmos. Epod. 2. Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine Altas maritat populos.* Your Critique is a very *Dolce piccante*; for after the many faults you justly find, you smooth your rigour: but an obliging thing is owing, you think, to one who so much esteems and admires you, and who shall ever be

Your, &c.

August 21, 1710.

YOUR Letters are a perfect charity to a man in retirement, utterly forgotten of

of all his Friends but you; for since Mr. *Wy-cherley* left *London*, I have not heard a word from him; tho' just before, and once since I wrote to him, and tho' I know my self guilty of no offence but of doing sincerely just what he * bid me ——— *Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit!* But the greatest injury he does me is the keeping me in ignorance of his welfare, which I am always very solicitous for, and very uneasy in the fear of any Indisposition that may befall him. In what I sent you some time ago, you have not verſe enough to be ſevere upon, in revenge for my laſt criticism: In one point I muſt perſiſt, that is to ſay, my diſlike of your *Paradiſe*, in which I take no pleaſure; I know very well that in *Greek* 'tis not only uſ'd by *Xenophon*, but is a common word for any Garden; but in *Engliſh* it bears the ſignification and conveys the idea of *Eden*, which alone is, I think, a reaſon againſt making *Ovid* uſe it; who will be thought to talk too like a Chriſtian in your verſion at leaſt, whatever it might have been in *Latin* or *Greek*. As for all the reſt of my Remarks, ſince you do not laugh at them as at this, I can be ſo civil as not to lay any ſtreſs upon 'em, as I think I told you before, and in par-

* *Correcting his Verſes.* See the Letters in 1706, and the following Years, of Mr. *Wycherley* and Mr. *Pope*.

ticular in the point of *Trees enjoying*, you have, I must own, fully satisfy'd me that the Expression is not only defensible, but beautiful. I shall be very glad to see your Translation of the Elegy, *Ad Amicam navigantem*, as soon as you can; for, without a compliment to you, every thing you write either in verse or prose, is welcome to me; and you may be confident, (if my opinion can be of any sort of consequence in any thing) that I will never be unsincere, tho' I may be often mistaken. To use Sincerity with you is but paying you in your own coin, from whom I have experienc'd so much of it; and I need not tell you how much I really esteem you, when I esteem nothing in the world so much as that Quality. I know you sometimes say civil things to me in your Epistolary Style, but those I am to make allowance for, as particularly when you talk of *Admiring*; 'tis a word you are so us'd to in conversation of Ladies, that it will creep into your discourse in spite of you, ev'n to your Friends. But as Women when they think themselves secure of admiration, commit a thousand Negligences, which show them so much at disadvantage and off their guard, as to lose the little real Love they had before; so when men imagine others entertain some esteem for their abilities, they often expose all their Imperfections and foolish works, to the disparagement

paragement of the little Wit they were thought masters of. I am going to exemplify this to you, in putting into your hands, being encourag'd by so much indulgence, some verses of my Youth, or rather Childhood; which, as I was a great admirer of *Waller*, were intended in imitation of his manner: and are perhaps, such imitations, as those you see in awkward country Dames, of the fine and well-bred Ladies of the Court. If you will take 'em with you into *Lincolnshire*, they may save you one hour from the conversation of the country Gentlemen and their Tenants, who differ but in Dress and Name, which if it be there as bad as here, is even worse than my Poetry. I hope your stay there will be no longer than, as Mr. *Wycherley* calls it, to rob the Country, and run away to *London* with your money. In the mean time I beg the favour of a line from you, and am, (as I will never cease to be.)

Your, &c.

October 12, 1710.

I Deferr'd answering your last, upon the advice I receiv'd that you were leaving the town for some time, and expected your return with impatience, having then a design
of

of seeing my Friends there, among the first of which I have reason to account your self. But my almost continual Illnesses prevent that, as well as most other satisfactions of my life: However I may say one good thing of sickness, that it is the best Cure in nature for Ambition, and designs upon the World or Fortune: It makes a man pretty indifferent for the future, provided he can but be easy, by intervals, for the present. He will be content to compound for his Quiet only, and leave all the circumstantial part and pomp of life to those, who have a health vigorous enough to enjoy all the Mistresses of their desires. I thank God, there is nothing out of my self which I would be at the trouble of seeking, except a Friend; a happiness I once hop'd to have possess'd in Mr. *Wycherley*; but ——— *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* ——— I have for some years been employ'd much like Children that build houses with Cards, endeavouring very busily and eagerly to raise a Friendship, which the first breath of any ill-natur'd By-stander could puff away. — But I will trouble you no farther with writing, nor my self with thinking, of this subject.

I was mightily pleas'd to perceive by your quotation from *Voiture*, that you had track'd me so far as *Trance*. You see 'tis with weak heads as with weak stomachs, they immedi-

ately throw out what they receiv'd last: and what they read, floats upon the surface of their mind, like Oil upon water, without incorporating. This, I think however, can't be said of the Love-verses I last troubled you with, where all, I am afraid, is so puerile and so like the Author, that no body will suspect any thing to be borrow'd. Yet you, (as a friend, entertaining a better opinion of 'em) it seems search'd in *Waller*, but search'd in vain. Your judgment of 'em is, I think, very right, ——— for it was my own opinion before. If you think 'em not worth the trouble of correcting, pray tell me so freely, and it will save me a labour; if you think the contrary, you wou'd particularly oblige me by your remarks on the several thoughts as they occur. I long to be nibbling at your verses, and have not forgot who promis'd me *Ovid's Elegy ad Amicam Navigantem*. Had *Ovid* been as long composing it, as you in sending it, the Lady might have sail'd to *Gades*, and receiv'd it at her return. I have really a great Itch of Criticism upon me, but want matter here in the Country; which I desire you to furnish me with, as I do you in the Town.

Sic servat Studii Fœdera quisque sui.

I am obliged to Mr. *Caryl*, (whom you tell me you met at *Epsom*) for telling you
Truth,

Truth, as a man is in these days to any one that will tell Truth to his advantage, and I think none is more to mine, than what he told you, and I shou'd be glad to tell all the world, that I have an extream Affection and Esteem for you.

*Tecum etenim longos memini consumere soles,
Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes,
Unum Opus & Requiem pariter disponimus
ambo,*

Atque verecunda laxamus seria mensa.

By these *Epulae*, as I take it, *Persius* meant the *Portugal Snuff* and *burn'd Claret*, which he took with his Master *Cornutus*; and the *Verecunda Mensa* was, without dispute, some Coffee-house table of the antients.

— I will only observe, that these four lines are as elegant and musical as any in *Persius*, not excepting those six or seven which Mr. *Dryden* quotes as the only such in all that Author. — I cou'd be heartily glad to repeat the satisfaction describ'd in them, being truly

Your, &c.

October 28, 1710.

I Am glad to find by your last letter that you writ to me with the freedom of a
M 2 friend,

friend, setting down your thoughts as they occur, and dealing plainly with me in the matter of my own Trifles, which I assure you I never valu'd half so much as I do that Sincerity in you which they were the occasion of discovering to me; and which while I am happy in, I may be trusted with that dangerous weapon, Poetry; since I shall do nothing with it but after asking and following your advice. I value sincerity the more, as I find by sad experience, the practice of it is more dangerous; Writers rarely pardoning the executioners of their verses, ev'n tho' themselves pronounce sentence upon them,—As to Mr. *Philips's* Pastorals, I take the first to be infinitely the best, and the second the worst; the third is for the greatest part a Translation from *Virgil's Daphnis*. I will not forestal your Judgment of the rest, only observe in that of the Nightingale these lines, (speaking of the Musician's playing on the harp.)

Now lightly skimming o'er the Strings they pass,

*Like Winds that gently brush the plying Grass,
And melting Airs arise at their command;
And now laborious, with a weighty hand,
He sinks into the Cords, with solemn pace,
And gives the swelling Tones a manly grace.*

To

To which nothing can be objected, but that they are too lofty for Pastoral, especially being put into the mouth of a Shepherd, as they are here; in the Poet's own person they had been, I believe, more proper. These are more after *Virgil's* manner than that of *Theocritus*, whom yet in the character of Pastoral he rather seems to imitate. In the whole, I agree with the *Tatler*, that we have no better Eclogues in our language. There is a small copy of the same Author publish'd in the *Tatler* N^o. 12. on the *Danish* Winter: 'Tis Poetical Painting, and I recommend it to your perusal.

Dr. *Garth's* Poem I have not seen; but believe I shall be of that Critic's opinion you mention at *Will's*, who swore it was good: For tho' I am very cautious of swearing after Critics, yet I think one may do it more safely when they commend, than when they blame.

I agree with you in your censure of the use of *Sea-terms* in Mr. *Dryden's* *Virgil*; not only because *Helenus* was no great Prophet in those matters, but because no Terms of Art or Cant-Words suit with the Majesty and dignity of Stile which *Epic* Poetry requires. — *Cui mens diviniore atque omnia sonitura.* — The Tarpawlin Phrase can please none but such. *Qui Aurem habent Batavam*; they must not expect *Auribus At-*

ticis probari, I find by you. (I think I have brought in two phrases of *Martial* here very dextrously.)

Tho' you say you did not rightly take my Meaning in the verse I quoted from *Juvenal*, yet I will not explain it; because tho' it seems you are resolv'd to take me for a Critic, I wou'd by no means be thought a Commentator.—And for another reason too, because I have quite forgot both the Verse and the Application.

I hope it will be no offence to give my most hearty service to Mr. *Wycherley*, tho' I perceive by his last to me, I am not to trouble him with my letters, since he there told me he was going instantly out of Town, and till his return was my Servant, &c. I guess by yours he is yet with you, and beg you to do what you may with all truth and honour, that is, assure him I have ever borne all the Respect and Kindness imaginable to him. I do not know to this hour what it is that has estrang'd him from me; but this I know, that he may for the future be more safely my friend, since no invitation of his shall ever more make me so free with him. I cou'd not have thought any man had been so very cautious and suspicious, as not to credit his own Experience of a friend. Indeed to believe nobody, may be a Maxim of Safety, but not so much of Honesty. There is but
one

one way I know of conversing safely with all men, that is, not by concealing what we say or do, but by saying or doing nothing that deserves to be conceal'd, and I can truly boast this comfort in my affairs with Mr. Wycherley. But I pardon his Jealousy, which is become his Nature, and shall never be his enemy whatsoever he says of me.

Your, &c.

Mr. C. to Mr. POPE.

Nov. 5, 1710.

I Find I am oblig'd to the sight of your Love-verses, for your opinion of my sincerity; which had never been call'd in question, if you had not forc'd me, upon so many other occasions to express my esteem.

I have just read and compar'd * Mr. Row's Version of the 9th of *Lucan*, with very great pleasure, where I find none of those absurdities so frequent in that of *Virgil*, except in two places, for the sake of lashing the Priests; one where *Cato* says
 ——— *Sortilegis egeant dubit* ——— and one in the simile of the *Hæmorhois* ——— *fatidici Sabæi* ——— He is so arrant a Whig, that

* Pieces printed in the 6th Vol. of Tonsen's Miscellanies.

he strains even beyond his Author, in passion for Liberty, and aversion to Tyranny; and errs only in amplification. *Lucan* in *initio* *gni*, describing the seat of the *Semidei manes*, says,

*Quodq; patet terras inter Lunæq; meatus,
Semidei manes habitant* —

Mr. Row has this Line,

Then looking down on the Sun's feeble Ray.

Pray your opinion, if there be an *Error Sphæricus* in this or no?

Yours, &c.

Nov. 11, 1710.

YOU mistake me very much in thinking the freedom you kindly us'd with my Love-verses, gave me the first opinion of your sincerity: I assure you it only did what every good-natur'd action of yours has done since, confirm'd me more in that opinion. The Fable of the Nightingale in *Philips's* Pastoral, is taken from *Famianus Strada's* Latin Poem on the same subject, in his *Prolusiones Academicæ*; only the Tomb he erects at the end, is added from *Virgil's* conclusion

clusion of the *Culex*. I can't forbear giving you a passage out of the *Latin Poem* I mention, by which you will find the *English Poet* is indebted to it.

*Alternat mira arte fides, dum torquet acutas
Inciditq; graves operoso verberare pulsat —
Jamq; manu per fila volat ; simul hos, simul
illos*

*Explorat numeros, chordaque laborat in omni.
Mox silet. Illa modis totidem respondit, &
artem*

*Arte refert ; nunc ceu rudis, aut incerta ca-
nendi,*

*Præbet iter liquidum labenti e pectore voci,
Nunc cæsum variat, modulisque canora mi-
nutis*

Delibrat vocem, tremuloque reciprocatur ore.

This Poem was many years since imitated by *Crashaw*, out of whose Verses the following are very remarkable.

*From this to that, from that to this he flies;
Feels Musick's Pulse in all its Arteries ;
Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
His fingers struggle with the vocal threads.*

I have (as I think I formerly told you) a very good opinion of Mr. Row's 9th book of *Lucan*: Indeed he amplifies too much, as well

well as *Brebœuf*, the famous *French* Imitator. If I remember right, he sometimes takes the whole Comment into the Text of the Version, as particularly in lin. 808. *Utq; solet pariter totis se effundere signis Corycii pressura croci.* — And in the place you quote, he makes of those two lines in the *Latin*

*Vidit quanta sub nocte jaceret
Nostra dies, risitque sui ludibria trunci.*

no less than eight in *English*.

What you observe sure cannot be an *Error Sphericus*, strickly speaking, either according to their *Ptolemaick*, or our *Copernican* System; *Tycho Brake* himself will be on the Translator's side. For Mr. *Row* here says no more, than that he look'd down on the Rays of the Sun, which *Pompey* might do, even tho' the Body of the Sun were above him.

You can't but have remark'd what a journey *Lucan* here makes *Cato* take for the sake of his fine Descriptions. From *Cyrene* he travels by land, for no better reason than this :

Hec eadem sua dedat Hyems quæ clauserat æquor.

The Winter's effects on the Sea, it seems, were

were more to be dreaded than all the Serpents, Whirlwinds, Sands, &c. by Land, which immediately after he paints out in his speech to the soldiers: Then he fetches a compass a vast way round about, to the *Nasamones* and *Jupiter Ammon's* Temple, purely to ridicule the Oracles: And *Labienus* must pardon me, if I do not believe him when he says — *sors obtulit, & fortuna via* — either *Labienus* or the Map, is very much mistaken here. Thence he returns back to *Syrtes*, which he might have taken first in his way to *Utica*, and so to *Leptis Minor*, where our Author leaves him; who seems to have made *Cato* speak his own mind, when he tells his Army—*Ire sat est*—no matter whither. I am,

Your, &c.

Mr. C..... to Mr. POPE.

Nov. 20, 1710.

THE System of *Tycho Brahe*, were it true, as it is *Novel*, cou'd have no room here: *Lucan*, with the rest of the *Latin* Poets, seems to follow *Plato*; whose order of the Spheres is clear in *Cicero*, *De Natura Deorum*, *De somnio Scipionis*, and
in

in *Macrobius*. The Seat of the *Semidei manes* is *Platonick* too, for *Apuleius de Deo Socrates* assigns the same to the *Genii*, viz. the Region of the *Air* for their intercourse with Gods and Men; so that I fancy, *Row* mistook the situation, and I can't be reconcil'd to, *Look down on the Sun's Rays*. I am glad you agree with me about the latitude he takes; and wish you had told me, if the *sortilegi*, and *fatidici*, cou'd license his invectives against Priests? but I suppose you think them, with *Helena*, undeserving of your protection. I agree with you in *Lucan's* Errors, and the cause of 'em, his Poetic descriptions: for the *Romans* then knew the coast of *Africa* from *Cyrene*, to the South-east of which lies *Ammon* toward *Egypt*, to *Leptis* and *Utica*: But pray remember how your *Homer* nodded while *Ulysses* slept, and waking knew not where he was, in the short passage from *Corcyra* to *Ithaca*. I like *Trapp's* Versions for their justness; his Psalm is excellent, the Prodigies in the first *Georgick* judicious, whence I conclude that 'tis easier to turn *Virgil* justly in blank verse, than rhyme. The Eclogue of *Gallus*, and Fable of *Phaeton* pretty well; but he is very faulty in his *Numbers*; the fate of *Phaeton* might run thus,

— The

Mr. POPE to H. C. Esq;

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*The blasted Phaeton with blazing Hair,
Shot gliding thro' the vast Abyss of Air,
And tumbled headlong, like a falling Star.*

I am,

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE's Answer.

November 24, 1710.

TO make use of that freedom and familiarity of style which we have taken up in our Correspondence, and which is more properly Talking upon paper, than Writing; I will tell you without any preface, that I never took *Tycho Brahe* for one of the Antients, or in the least an acquaintance of *Lucan's*; nay, 'tis a mercy on this occasion that I do not give you an account of his Life and Conversation; as how he liv'd some years like an enchanted Knight in a certain Island, with a tale of a King of *Denmark's* Mistress that shall be nameless.

— But I have compassion on you, and wou'd not for the world you shou'd stay any longer among the *Genii* and *Semidei Manes*, you know where; for if once you get so near the Moon, *Sappho* will want your presence in the Clouds and inferior regions; no:

VGL. I.

N

to

to mention the great loss *Drury-lane* will sustain, when Mr C—— is in the Milky way. These cœlestial thoughts put me in mind of the *Priests* you mention, who are a sort of *Sortilegi* in one sense, because in their Lottery there are more Blanks than Prizes; the Adventurers being at best in an uncertainty, whereas the Setters-up are sure of something. Priests indeed in their Character, as they represent God, are sacred; and so are Constables as they represent the King; but you will own a great many of 'em are very odd fellows, and the devil a bit of likeness in 'em. Yet I can assure you, I honour the good as much as I detest the bad, and I think, that in condemning these, we praise those. I am so far from esteeming ev'n the worst unworthy of my protection, that I have defended their Character (in *Congreve's* and *Vanbrugh's* Plays) ev'n against their own Brethren. And so much for Priests in general; now for *Trapp* in particular, whose Translations from *Ovid* I have not so good an opinion of as you; not, I will assure you, from any sort of prejudice to him as a Priest, but because I think he has little of the main Characteristick of his Author, a graceful Easiness. For let the sense be ever so exactly render'd, unless an author looks like himself, in his air, habit, and manner, 'tis a Disguise and not a Translation. But as to the Psalm, I think

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think *David* is much more beholding to him than *Ovid*; and as he treated the *Roman* like a *Jew*, so he has made the *Jew* speak like a *Roman*.

Your &c.

Mr. C. to Mr. POPE.

Decemb. 5, 1710.

THE same judgment we made on Row's 9th of *Lucan* will serve for his part of the 6th, where I find this memorable line,

*Parq; novum Fortuna videt concurrere, bellum
Atq; virum.*

For this he employs six Verses, among which is this,

As if on Knightly terms in Lists they ran.

Pray can you trace Chivalry up higher than *Pharamond*? will you allow it an Anachronism? ——— *Tickell* in his Version of the *Phœnix* from *Claudian*,

*When Nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
Nor second Chaos bound thy endless reign.*

N 2

Claudian

Claudian thus,

*Et clades te nulla rapit, solusq; superstes,
Edomita Tellure manes——*

which plainly refers to the Deluge of *Deucalion* and the Conflagration of *Phaeton*; not to the final Dissolution. Your thought of the *Priests Lottery* is very fine; you play the Wit, and not the Critic, upon the errors of your brother.

Your observations are all very just: *Virgil* is eminent for adjusting his diction to his sentiments; and among the moderns, I find your Practice the *Prologia* of your Rules. Your * Poem shews you to be, what you say of *Voiture*, with Books well-bred: The state of the Fair, tho' satirical, is touch'd with that delicacy and galantry, that not the Court of *Augustus*, nor——But hold, I shall lose what I lately recover'd, your opinion of my Sincerity; yet I must say, 'tis as faultless as the Fair to whom 'tis address'd, be she never so perfect. The M. G. (who it seems had no right notion of you, as you of him) transcrib'd it by lucubration: From some discourse of yours, he thought your Inclination led you to (what the men of fashion call Learning) Pedantry; but now he says he

* To a Lady, with the Works of *Voiture*

has

Mr. POPE to H. C. Esq; 139

has no less, I assure you, than a Veneration
for you.

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE to Mr. C ———.

Decemb. 17, 1713.

IT seems that my late mention of *Crasshaw*,
and my quotation from him, has mov'd
your curiosity. I therefore send you the
whole Author, who has held a place among
my other books of this nature for some years;
in which time having read him twice or
thrice, I find him one of those whose works
may just deserve reading. I take this Poet
to have writ like a Gentleman, that is, at
leisure hours, and more to keep out of idle-
ness, than to establish a reputation: So that
nothing regular or just can be expected from
him. All that regards Design, Form, Fable,
(which is the Soul of Poetry) all that con-
cerns exactness, or consent of parts, (which
is the Body) will probably be wanting; only
pretty conceptions, fine metaphors, glittering
expressions, and something of a neat cast of
Verse, which are properly the dress, gems,
or loose Ornaments of Poetry, may be found
in these verses. This is indeed the case of
most other Poetical Writers of *Miscellanies*;
nor can it well be otherwise, since no man
can be a true Poet, who writes for divers

only. These Authors shou'd be consider'd as *Verseifiers* and *witty Men*, rather than as *Poets*; and under this head will only fall the Thoughts, the Expression, and the Numbers. These are only the pleasing Parts of Poetry, which may be judg'd of at a view, and comprehended all at once. And, to express myself like a Painter, their *Colouring* entertains the sight, but the *Lines* and *Life* of the Picture are not to be inspected too narrowly.

This Author form'd himself upon *Petrarch*, or rather upon *Marino*. His thoughts one may observe, in the main, are pretty; but oftentimes far fetch'd, and too often strain'd and stiffen'd to make them appear the greater. For men are never so apt to think a thing great, as when it is odd or wonderful; and inconsiderate Authors wou'd rather be admir'd than understood. This ambition of surprising a reader, is the true natural cause of all Eustian, or Bombast in Poetry. To confirm what I have said you need but look into his first Poem of the *Weeper*, where the 2d, 4th, 6th, 14th, 21st stanza's are as sublimely dull, as the 7th, 8th, 9th, 16th, 17th, 20th and 23d stanza's of the same copy, are soft and pleasing: And if these last want any thing, it is an easier and more unaffected expression. The remaining thoughts in that Poem might have been spared, being either but repetitions, or very
trivial

trivial and mean. And by this example in the first, one may guess at all the rest; to be like this, a mixture of tender gentle thoughts and suitable expressions, of forc'd and inextricable conceits, and of needless fillers-up to the rest. From all which it is plain, this Author writ fast, and set down what came uppermost. A reader may skim off the froth, and use the clear underneath; but if he goes too deep will meet with a mouthful of dregs: Either the Top or Bottom of him are good for little, but what he did in his *own, natural, middle-way*, is best.

To speak of his *Numbers* is a little difficult, they are so various and irregular, and mostly Pindarick: 'Tis evident his heroic Verse, the best example of which is his *Musick's Duel*, is carelessly made up; but one may imagine from what it now is, that had he taken more care, it had been musical and pleasing enough, not extreamly majestic, but sweet: And the time consider'd of his writing, he was, ev'n as uncorrect as he is, none of the worst Versificators.

I will just observe, that the best Pieces of this Author are, a Paraphrase on Psal. 23. On *Lessius*, Epitaph on Mr. *Ashton*, Wishes to his suppos'd Mistress, and the *Dies Irae*:

I am, &c.

Mr.

Mr. POPE to Mr. C——.

Dec. 30, 1710.

I Resume my old liberty of throwing out my self upon paper to you, and making what thoughts float uppermost in my head, the subject of a Letter. They are at present upon *Laughter*, which, for ought I know, may be the cause you might sometimes think me too remiss a friend, when I was most intirely so: For I am never so inclin'd to mirth, as when I am most pleas'd and most easy, which is in the company of a friend like your self.

As the *fooling* and *toying* with a mistress is a *proof* of fondness, not disrespect, so is raillery with a friend. I know there are Prudes in friendship, who expect distance, awe and adoration, but I know you are not of them; and I for my part am no Idol-worshipper, tho' a Papist. If I were to address *Jupiter* himself in a heathen way, I fancy I should be apt to take hold of his knee in a familiar manner, if not of his beard like *Dionysius*; I was just going to say of his buttons, but I think *Jupiter* wore none, however I won't be positive to so nice a Critick as you, but his robe might be *Subnetted* with a *Fibula*. I know some Philosophers de-

define Laughter, *A recommending our selves to our own favour, by comparison with the weakness of another*: But I am sure I very rarely laugh with that view, nor do I believe *Children* have any such consideration in their heads, when they express their pleasure this way: I laugh full as innocently as they, for the most part, and as fillily. There is a difference too betwixt laughing *about* a thing, and laughing *at* a thing: One may find the inferior Man (to make a kind of casuistical distinction) provok'd to folly at the sight or observation of some *circumstances of a thing*, when the *thing itself* appears solemn and august to the superior Man, that is, our Judgment and Reason. Let an Ambassador speak the best Sense in the world, and deport himself in the most graceful manner before a Prince, yet if the *Tail of his Shirt* happen, as I have known it happen to a very wise man, to hang out behind, more people shall laugh at that, than attend to the other; till they recollect themselves, and then they will not have a jot the less respect for the Minister. I must confess the iniquity of my countenance before you; several Muscles of my Face sometimes take an impertinent liberty with my judgment, but then my Judgment soon rises, and sets all right again about my mouth: And I find I value no man so much, as he in whose sight I have

have been playing the fool. I cannot be *Sub-Persona* before a man I love; and not to laugh with honesty, when Nature prompts, or Folly (which is more a second Nature than any thing I know) is but a knavish hypocritical way of making a mask of one's own face. — To conclude, those that are my friends I *laugh with*, and those that are not I *laugh at*; so am merry in company, and if ever I am wise, it is all by my self. You take just another course, and to those that are not your friends, are very civil, and to those that are, very endearing and complaisant: Thus when you and I meet, there will be the *Risus* & *Blanditie* united together in conversation, as they commonly are in a verse: But without Laughter on the one side, or Compliment on the other, I assure you I am with real esteem

Your, &c.

Mr. C — to Mr. POPE.

October 26, 1711.

MR. Wycherley visited me at the Bath in my sickness, and express'd much affection to me: Hearing from me how welcome his Letters would be, he presently writ
to

to you; in which I inserted my Scroll, and after a second. He went to *Gloucester* in his way to *Salop*, but was disappointed of a boat and so return'd to the *Bath*; then he shew'd me your answer to his letters, in which you speak of my good nature, but I fear you found me very froward at *Reading*; yet you allow for my illness. I cou'd not possibly be in the same house with Mr. *Wycherley*, tho' I sought it earnestly; nor come up to town with him, he being engag'd with others; but whenever we met we talk'd of you. He praises your * Poem, and even outvies me in kind expressions of you. As if he had not wrote two letters to you, he was for writing every Post; I put him in mind he had already. Forgive me this wrong, I know not whether my talking so much of your great humanity and tenderness to me, and love to him; or whether the return of his natural disposition to you, was the cause; but certainly you are now highly in his favour: Now he will come this Winter to your house, and I must go with him; but first he will invite you speedily to town.——I arrived on *Saturday* last much wearied, yet had wrote sooner, but was told by Mr. *Gay*, (who has writ a pretty Poem to *Lintot*, and who gives you his service) that you was

gone

* *Essay on Criticism*.

gone from home. *Lewis* shew'd me your letter which set me right, and your next letter is impatiently expected by me. *Mr. Wycherley* came to town on *Sunday* last, and kindly surpriz'd me with a visit on *Monday* morning. We din'd and drank together; and I saying, *To our Loves*, he reply'd, 'Tis *Mr. Pope's health*: He said he would go to *Mr. Thorold's* and leave a letter for you. Tho' I cannot answer for the event of all this, in respect to him; yet I can assure you, that when you please to come you will be most desirable to me, as always by inclination so now by duty, who shall ever be

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE to Mr. C——.

Nov. 12, 1711.

I Receiv'd the entertainment of your Letter the day after I had sent you one of mine, and I am but this morning return'd hither. The news you tell me of the many difficulties you found in your return from *Bath*, gives me such a kind of pleasure as we usually take in accompanying our Friends in their mixt adventures; for methinks I see you labouring thro' all your inconveniencies of

of the rough roads, the hard saddle, the trotting horse, and what not? What an agreeable surprize would it have been to me, to have met you by pure accident, which I was within an ace of doing, and to have carry'd you off triumphantly, set you on an easier Pad, and reliev'd the wandering Knight with a Night's lodging and rural Repast, at our Castle in the Forest? But these are only the pleasing Imaginations of a disappointed Lover, who must suffer in a melancholy absence yet these two months. In the meantime, I take up with the Muses for want of your better company; the Muses, *Quæ nobiscum pernoctant, peregrinantur, rustican-tur*. Those aerial Ladies just discover enough to me of their beauties to urge my pursuit, and draw me on in a wand'ring Maze of thought, still in hopes, and only in hopes, of attaining those favours from 'em, which they confer on their more happy Admirers. We grasp some more beautiful Idea in our own brain, than our endeavours to express it can set to the view of others; and still do but labour to fall short of our first imagination. The gay Colouring which Fancy gave at the first transient glance we had of it, goes off in the Execution; like those various figures in the gilded clouds, which while we gaze long upon, to separate the parts of each imaginary Image, the whole

faints before the eye and decays into confusion.

I am highly pleas'd with the knowledge you give me of Mr. *Wycherley's* present temper, which seems so favourable to me. I shall ever have such a Fund of Affection for him as to be agreeable to my self when I am so to him, and cannot but be gay when he's in good humour, as the surface of the Earth, if you will pardon a poetical similitude, is clearer or gloomier, just as the Sun is brighter, or more over-cast. — I should be glad to see the Verses to *Lintot* which you mention, for methinks, something oddly agreeable may be produc'd from that subject. For what remains, I am so well, that nothing but the assurance of your being so, can make me better; and if you wou'd have me live with any satisfaction these dark days in which I cannot see you, it must be by your writing sometimes to

Your, &c.

Mr. C ——— to Mr. POPE.

Dec. 7, 1711.

MR. *Wycherley* has, I believe, sent you two or three letters of invitation; but you, like the Fair, will be long solicited

red before you yield, to make the favour the more acceptable to the Lover. He is much yours by his talk; for that unbounded Genius which has rang'd at large like a libertine, now seems confin'd to you: And I should take him for your Mistress too by your simile of the Sun and Earth: 'Tis very fine, but inverted by the application; for the gaiety of your fancy, and the drooping of his by the withdrawing of your lustre, perswades me it would be juster by the reverse. Oh happy Favourite of the Muses! how *pernoctare*, all night long with them? But alas! you do but toy, but skirmish with them, and decline a close Engagement. Leave Elegy and Translation to the inferior Class, on whom the Muses only glance now and then like our Winter-Sun, and then leave 'em in the dark. Think on the Dignity of Tragedy, which is of the greater Poetry, as *Dennis* says, and foil him at his other weapon, as you have done in Criticism. Every one wonders that a Genius like yours will not support the sinking *Drama*; and Mr. *Wilks* (tho' I think his Talent is Comedy) has express'd a furious ambition to swell in your Buskins. We have had a poor Comedy of *Jaboussou's* (not *Ben*) which held seven nights, and has got him three hundred pounds, for the town is sharp-set on new Plays. In vain would I fire you by

Interest or Ambition, when your mind is not susceptible of either; tho' your Authority (arising from the General esteem, like that of *Pompey*) must infallibly assure you of success; for which in all your wishes you will be attended with those of

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE to Mr. C——.

Dec. 21, 1711.

IF I have not writ to you so soon as I ought, let my writing now atone for the delay; as it will infallibly do, when you know what a Sacrifice I make you at this time, and that every moment my eyes are employ'd upon this paper, they are taken off from two of the finest Faces in the universe. But indeed 'tis some consolation to me to reflect, that while I but write this period, I escape some hundred fatal Darts from those unerring Eyes, and about a thousand Deaths, or better. Now you, that delight in dying, would not once have dreamt of an absent Friend in these circumstances; you that are so nice an Admirer of beauty, or (as a Critic would say after *Terence*) *so elegant a Spectator of Forms?* You must have a sober dish of Coffee, and a solitary candle at your side,

to

to write an Epistle Lucubratory to your friend; whereas I can do it as well with two pair of radiant lights, that outshine the golden God of Day and silver Goddesses of Night, with all the refulgent Eyes of the Firmament.—You fancy now that *Sappho's* eyes are two of these my Tapers, but it is no such matter, Sir; these are eyes that have more perswasion in one glance than all *Sappho's* Oratory and Gesture together, let her put her body into what moving postures she pleases. Indeed, indeed, my friend, you could never have found so improper a time to tempt me with Interest or Ambition: Let me but have the Reputation of these in my keeping, and as for my own, let the Devil, or let *Dennis*, take it for ever. How gladly would I give all I am worth, that is to say, my *Pastorals* for one of them, and my *Essay* for the other? I would lay out all my *Poetry* in *Love*; an *Original* for a *Lady*, and a *Translation* for a *waiting Maid*! alas! what have I to do with *Jane Gray*, as long as Miss *Molly*, Miss *Betty*, or Miss *Patty* are in this world? Shall I write of *Beauties murder'd long ago*, when there are those at this instant that *murder me*? I'll e'en compose my own Tragedy, and the Poet shall appear in his own person to move compassion: 'Twill be far more effectual than *Bays's* entring with a rope about his neck, and the world will own,

there never was a more miserable Object brought upon the stage.

Now you that are a Critic, pray inform me, in what manner I may connect the foregoing part of this Letter with that which is to follow, according to the Rules? I would willingly return Mr. *Gay* my thanks for the favour of his Poem, and in particular for his kind mention of me; I hop'd, when I heard a new Comedy had met with success upon the Stage, that it had been his, to which I really wish no less; and (had it been any way in my power) should have been very glad to have contributed to its Introduction into the world. His Verses to *Lintot* * have put a whim into my head, which you are like to be troubled with in the opposite page: Take it as you find it, the production of half an hour t'other morning. I design very soon to put a task of a more serious nature upon you, in reviewing a piece of mine that may better deserve Criticism; and by that time you have done with it, I hope to tell you in person with how much fidelity I am

Yours, &c.

* *These Verses are printed in Dr. Swift's, and our Author's Miscellanies, in 3 Vols 8vo.*

L E T.

LETTERS

T O

Several LADIES.

LETTER I.

Madam,

I Send you the book of Rudiments of *Drawing*, which you were pleased to command, and think my self oblig'd to inform you at the same time of one of the many excellencies you possess without knowing of 'em. You are but too good a Painter already; and no Picture of *Raphael's* was ever so beautiful, as that which you have form'd in a certain heart of my acquaintance. Indeed it was but just that the finest lines in nature shou'd be drawn upon the
the

the most durable ground, and none cou'd ever be met with that wou'd so readily receive, or so faithfully retain them, as this Heart. I may boldly say of it that you will not find its fellow in all the *Parts* of the *Body* in this book. But I must complain to you of my hand, which is an arrant traitor to my heart; for having been copying your picture from thence and from *Kneller* these three days, it has done all possible injury to the finest Face that ever was made, and to the liveliest Image that ever was drawn. I have Imagination enough in your absence, to trace some resemblance of you; but I have been so long us'd to lose my judgment at the sight of you, that 'tis past my power to correct it by the life. Your Picture seems least like when plac'd before your eyes, and contrary to all other pictures, receives a manifest disadvantage by being set in the fairest Light in the world. The Painters are a very vain generation, and have a long time pretended to rival Nature; but to own the truth to you, she made such a finish'd piece about three and twenty years ago, (I beg your pardon Madam, I protest I meant but two and twenty) that 'tis in vain for them any longer to contend with her. I know You indeed made one something like it, betwixt five and six years past: 'Twas a little girl, done with abundance of spirit and life; and wants nothing

thing but time to be an admirable piece: But not to flatter your work, I don't think 'twill ever come up to what your Father made. However I wou'd not discourage you; 'tis certain you have a strange happiness, in making fine things of a sudden and at a stroke, with incredible ease and pleasure.

Madam, I am, &c.

LETTER II.

IT is too much a rule in this town, that when a Lady has once done a man a favour, he is to be rude to her ever after. It becomes our Sex to take upon us twice as much as yours allows us: By this method I may write to you most impudently, because you once answer'd me modestly; and if you should never do me that honour for the future, I am to think, (like a true Coxcomb) that your silence gives consent. Perhaps you wonder why this is address'd to you rather than to Mrs. *M* ——— with whom I have the right of an old acquaintance, whereas you are a fine Lady, have bright eyes, &c. First Madam, I make choice of you rather than of your Mother, because you are younger than your Mother. Secondly, because I fancy you spell better, as having been at school

school later. Thirdly, because you have nothing to do but to write if you please, and possibly it may keep you from employing yourself worse: it may save some honest neighbouring Gentleman from three or four of your pestilent glances. Cast your eyes upon paper, Madam, there you may look innocently: Men are seducing, books are dangerous, the amorous one's soften you, and the godly one's give you the spleen: If you look upon trees, they clasp in embraces; birds and beasts make love; the Sun is too warm for your blood, the Moon melts you into yielding and melancholy. Therefore I say once more, cast your eyes upon Paper, and read only such Letters as I write, which convey no darts, no flames, but proceed from Innocence of soul, and simplicity of heart. However, I can allow you a Bonnet lined with green for your eyes, but take care you don't tarnish it with ogling too fiercely: I am told, that hand you shade yourself with this shining weather, is tann'd pretty much, only with being carried over those Eyes — thank God I am an hundred miles off from them — Upon the whole I wou'd sooner trust your hand than your Eyes for doing me mischief; and tho' I doubt not some part of the rancour and iniquity of your heart will drop into your pen, yet since it will not attack me on a sudden and unprepar'd,

par'd, since I may have time while I break open your letter to cross my self and say a *Paternoster*, I hope Providence will protect me from all you can attempt at this distance. Mr. B ——— tells me you are at this hour as handsome as an Angel. for my part I have forgot your face since two winters, I don't know whether you are tall or short, nor can tell in any respect what sort of creature you are, only that you are a very mischievous one, whom I shall ever pray to be defended from. But when Mr. B—sends me word you have the small pox, a good many freckles, or are very pale, I will desire him to give thanks for it in your Parish Church, which as soon as he shall inform me he has done, I will make you a visit at ——— without Armour: I will eat any thing you give me without suspicion of poison, take you by the hand without gloves, nay venture to follow you into an arbour without calling the company. This Madam is the top of my wishes, but how differently are our desires inclined! You sigh out, in the ardour of your heart, Oh Play-houses, Parks, Opera's, Assemblies, *London!* I cry with rapture, Oh Woods, Gardens, Rookeries, Fishponds, Arbours! Mrs. *Betty M* ———

LETTER

LETTER III.

To a Lady, written on the opposite pages of a Letter to her Husband from Lady M.

THE Wits would say, that this must needs be a dull Letter, because it is a marry'd one. I am afraid indeed you will find what Spirit there is must be on the side of the Wife, and the Husband's part as usual will prove the dullest. What an unequal Pair are put together in this sheet? in which tho' we sin, it is you must do penance. When you look on both sides of this paper, you may fancy that our words, according to a Scripture expression, are as a *Two-edg'd Sword*, whereof Lady *M.* is the shining blade and I only the Handle. But I can't proceed without so far mortifying Sir *Robert* as to tell him, that she writes this purely in obedience to me, and that it is but one of those honours a Husband receives for the sake of his Wife.

It is making court ill to one fine Woman to shew her the regard we have for another; and yet I must own there is not a period of this Epistle but squints toward another over against it. It will be in vain to dissemble:

ble: Your penetrating eyes cannot but discover how all the letters that compose these words lean forward after Lady *M*'s letters, which seem to bend as much from mine, and fly from them as fast as they are able. Ungrateful letters that they are! which give themselves to another man in the very presence of him who will yield to no mortal in knowing how to value them.

You will think I forget my self, and am not writing to you, but let me tell you, 'tis you forget your self in that thought, for you are almost the only Woman to whom one can safely address the praises of another. Besides can you imagine a Man of my importance so stupid, as to say fine things to you before your Husband? Let us see how far Lady *M*. her self dares do any thing like it, with all the wit and address she is mistress of. If Sir *Robert* can be so ignorant, now he is left to himself in the country, to imagine any such matter, let him know from me, that here in town every thing that Lady says is taken for Satire. For my part, every body knows it is my constant practice to speak Truth, and I never do it more than when I call my self

Yours, &c.

LETTER IV.

*To a Lady in the Name of her
Brother.*

IF you have not a chaste ear and a pure heart do not peruse this Letter, for as *Jeremy Taylor* says in his *holy living and dying*, the first thing a Virgin ought to endeavour, is to be ignorant of the *distinction of Sexes*.

It is in the confidence I have that you are thus innocent, that I endeavour to gratify your curiosity in a point in which I am sensible none but a Brother could do it with decency.

I shall entertain you with the most reigning Curiosity in the town, I mean a Person who is equally the toast of gentlemen and ladies, and is at present more universally admired than any of either Sex: You know few proficients have a greater genius for Monsters than my self; but I never tasted a monster to that degree I have done this creature: It was not, like other monsters, produced in the Desarts of *Arabia*, nor came from the country of the *Great Mogul*, but is the production of the joint-endeavours of a *Kentish* Parson and his Spouse, who intended in the
singleness

singleness of heart to have begot a christian but of one sex, and providence has sent them one of two.

There are various opinions concerning this Creature about town. Mr. *Cromwell* observes that the Age is very licentious, and the present Reign very lewd and corrupt, in permitting a Lady *by Authority* (as appears by the printed bills) to expose her personal curiosities for a Shilling.

Mr. *P.* looks upon it as a Prodigy portending some great Revolution in the State: To strengthen which Opinion he produces the following Prophecy of *Nostradamus*, which he explains politically.

*When as two Sexes join'd in One,
Shall in the Realm of Brute be shown;
Then Factions shall unite, if I know,
To choose a Prince Jure Divino.
This Prodigy of common Gender
Is neither Sex but a Pretender,
So the Lord shield the Faith's Defender.* }

Mrs. *N*—— admires what people wonder at so much? and says she is just so herself: The Dutchess of *S*—— is of the same Opinion.

Among these various conjectures, that I might be informed of the truth, I took along with me a Physician and a Divine, the one

to inspect the state of its Body, the other to examine that of its Mind: The persons I made choice of were the ingenious Dr. P— and the reverend Mr. ——— We were no sooner in the room but the Party came to us, drest in that habit in which the Ladies affect an Hermaphroditical imitation of Men— your sharp wit, my dear Sister, will immediately conclude that I mean a Riding-habit.

I think it not material to inform you, whether the Doctor, the Divine, or my self look'd first. The Priest you will maliciously fancy was in his nature most an Infidel, and doubted most of this Miracle; we therefore propos'd to him to take the surest method of believing, seeing and feeling: He comply'd with both admonitions, and having taken a large pinch of snuff upon it, advis'd us with a nod, that we should by no means regard it as a Female, but as a Male, for by so doing we should be guilty of less sinfulness.

The Doctor upon inspection differ'd from this Opinion, he wou'd by no means allow it a miracle, or at most a natural one: He said upon the whole it was a woman; that whatever might give a handle to think otherwise, was a trifle, nothing being more common than for a child to be mark'd with that thing which the mother long'd for.

As

As for this Party's temper of mind, it appears to be a most even disposition, partaking of the good qualities of both Sexes: For she is neither so inaccessible as other Ladies, nor is he so impudent as other Gentlemen. Of how obliging and complaisant a turn appears by this, that he tells the Ladies he has the Inclinations of a Gentleman, and that she tells the Gentlemen she has the *Tendre* of a Lady. As a further proof of this affable disposition, he formerly received visits of the fair sex in their masques, till an impertinent fellow in a female disguise mingled with a party of ladies, and impudently overheard their improving Speculations.

Notwithstanding this, she civilly promised at my request, that my two sisters shou'd be admitted privately whenever you wou'd do her the honour of your consideration.

How agreeable soever this sight has been to me, I assure you it cannot be so pleasing as the sight of you in town, and whatever you may see in the country, I dare affirm no man or woman can shew you the like.

I therefore earnestly desire you to make haste to this place; for tho' indeed like most other brothers, I should be sorry you were married at my expence, yet I would by no means, like them, detain you in the country from your admirers, for you may believe me,

no brother in the world ever lov'd a sister as
I do you.

I am, &c.

LETTER V.

Bath, 1714.

YOU are to understand, Madam, that my passion for your fair self and your sister, has been divided with the most wonderful regularity in the world. Even from my infancy I have been in love with one after the other of you, week by week, and my journey to *Bath* fell out in the three hundred seventy sixth week of the Reign of my Sovereign Lady *Sylvia*. At the present writing hereof it is the three hundred eighty ninth week of the Reign of your most Serene Majesty, in whose service I was list'd some weeks before I beheld your Sister. This information will account for my writing to either of you hereafter, as either shall happen to be Queen-Regent at that time.

Pray tell your sister, all the good qualities and virtuous inclinations she has, never gave me so much pleasure in her conversation, as that one vice of her obstinacy will give me mortification this month. *Ratcliffe* commands her to the *Bath*, and she refuses! indeed

deed if I were in *Berkshire* I should honour her for this obstinacy, and magnify her no less for disobedience than we do the *Barcelonians*. But people change with the change of places, as we see of late, and virtues become vices when they cease to be for one's interest, with me, as with others.

Yet let me tell her, she will never look so finely while she is upon earth, as she would here in the water. It is not here as in most other instances, for those Ladies that would please extremely, must go out of their own element. She does not make half so good a figure on horseback as *Christina*, Queen of *Sweden*; but were she once seen in the Bath, no man would part with her for the best Mermaid in *Christendom*. You know I have seen you often, I perfectly know how you look in black and in white; I have experienc'd the utmost you can do in colours; but all your movements, all your graceful steps, deserve not half the glory you might here attain, of a moving and easy behaviour in *Buckram*: Something between swimming and walking, free enough, and more modestly-half-naked, than you can appear any where else. You have conquer'd enough already by land; show your ambition, and vanquish also by water. We have no pretty Admirals on these Seas, but must strike sails to your white Flags, were they once hoisted up.

The

The Buckram I mention is a dress particularly useful at this time, when we are told the Princess is bringing over the fashion of *German* Ruffs: You ought to use your selves to some degrees of stiffness beforehand. And when our Ladies chins have been tickled a while with starch'd muslin and wire, they may possibly bear the brush of a *German* beard and whisker.

I could tell you a delightful story of Dr. *P.* but want room to display it in all its shining circumstances. He had heard it was an excellent cure for Love, to kiss the Aunt of the person beloved, who is generally of years and experience enough to damp the fiercest flame: He try'd this course in his passion, and kiss'd Mrs. *E* ——— at Mr. *D*—'s, but he says it will not do, and that he loves you as much as ever.

Yours, &c.

LETTER VI.

To the Same.

IF you ask how the waters agree with me, I must tell you, so very well, that I question how you and I should agree if we were in a room by our selves? Mrs. *T.* has
ho.

honestly assured me, that but for some whims which she can't entirely conquer, she would go and see the world with me in man's cloaths. Even you, *Madam*, I fancy (if you would not partake in our Adventures) would wait our coming in at the evening with some impatience, and be well enough pleas'd to hear 'em by the fire-side. That would be better than reading Romances, unless Lady *M.* would be our Historian; for as she is married, she has probably leisure hours in the night-time, to write or do what she will in. What raises these desires in me, is an acquaintance I am beginning with my Lady *Sandwich*, who has all the spirit of the last age, and all the gay experience of a pleasurable life. It were as scandalous an omission to come to the *Bath*, and not to see my Lady *Sandwich*, as it had formerly been to have travell'd to *Rome* without visiting the Queen of *Sweden*. She is, in a word, the best thing this Country has to boast of; and as she has been all that a woman of spirit could be, so she still continues that easy and independent creature that a sensible woman always will be.

I must tell you a truth, which is not however much to my credit. I never thought so much of your self and your sister, as since I have been fourscore miles distance from you. In the Forest I look'd upon you
as

as good neighbours, at *London* as pretty kind of women, but here as divinities, angels, goddesses, or what you will. In the same manner I never knew at what a rate I valu'd your life, till you were upon the point of dying. If Mrs. T. and you will but fall very sick every season, I shall certainly die for you. Seriously I value you both so much that I esteem others much the less for your sakes; you have robb'd me of the pleasure of esteeming a thousand pretty qualities in them, by showing me so many finer in yourselves. There are but two things in the world which could make you indifferent to me, which I believe you are not capable of, I mean Ill nature and Malice. I have seen enough of you not to overlook any Frailty you could have, and nothing less than a Vice can make me like you less. I expect you should discover by my conduct towards you both, that this is true, and that therefore you should pardon a thousand things in me for that one disposition. Expect nothing from me but truths and freedom, and I shall always be thought by you what I always am,

Your, &c.

L E T-

LETTER VII.

To the Same.

I Return'd home as slow and as contemplative after I had parted from you, as my Lord — retired from the Court and Glory to his Country seat and Wife, a week ago. I found here a dismal desponding letter from the son of another great Courtier who expects the same fate, and who tells me the great one's of the earth will now take it very kindly of the mean one's, if they will favour them with a visit by Day-light. With what Joy wou'd they lay down all their schemes of glory, did they but know you have the generosity to drink their healths once a day, as soon as they are fallen? Thus the unhappy by the sole merit of their misfortunes, become the care of heaven and you. I intended to have put this last into Verse, but in this age of Ingratitude my best friends forsake me, I mean my rhymes.

I desire Mrs. P — to stay her stomach with these half hundred Plays, till I can procure her a Romance big enough to satisfy her great Soul with Adventures. As for Novels, I fear she can depend upon none from me but That of *my Life*, which I am still, as I have been, contriving all possible methods to shorten, for the greater ease both
of

of my Historian and the Reader. May she believe all the passion and tenderness express'd in these Romances to be but a faint image of what I bear her, and may you, who read nothing, take the same truth upon hearing it from me; you will both injure me very much, if you don't think me a truer friend than ever any romantick lover, or any imitator of their style could be.

The days of Beauty are as the days of Greatness, and as long as your Eyes make their sunshine, all the world are your adorers: I am one of those unambitious people, who will love you forty years hence, when your eyes begin to twinkle in a retirement, for your own sakes, and without the vanity which every one now will take to be thought

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII

YOU have ask'd me News a hundred times at the first word you spoke to me, which some would interpret as if you expected nothing better from my lips: And truly 'tis not a sign two Lovers are together, when they can be so impertinent as to enquire what the world does? All I mean by this is, that either you or I are not in love with the other:

other: I leave you to guess which of the two is that stupid and insensible creature, so blind to the other's excellencies and charms?

This then shall be a letter of News; and sure if you did not think me the humblest creature in the world, you could never imagine a Poet could dwindle to a brother of *Dawks* and *Dyer*, from a rival of *Tate* and *Brady*.

The Earl of *Oxford* has behaved so bravely, that in this act at least he might seem above Man, if he had not just now voided a Stone to prove him subject to human infirmities. The utmost weight of affliction from princely power and popular hatred, were almost worth bearing, for the glory of such a dauntless conduct as he has shewn under it.

You may soon have your wish, to enjoy the gallant fights of armies, incampments, standards waving over your brother's corn-fields, and the pretty winding of the *Thames* about *M*— stain'd with the blood of men. Your barbarity, which I have heard so long exclaim'd against in town and country, may have its fill of destruction. I would not add one circumstance usual in all descriptions of calamity, that of the many Rapes committed or to be committed, upon those unfortunate women that *delight in war*. But God forgive me ——— in this martial age, if I could, I would buy a regiment for your sake

and Mrs. P ———'s and some others, whom I have cause to fear no fair means will prevail upon.

Those eyes that care not how much mischief is done, or how great slaughter committed, so they have but a fine Show; those very-female eyes will be infinitely delighted with the camp which is speedily to be form'd in *Hyde-Park*. The tents are carried thither this morning, new Regiments with new cloaths and furniture, far exceeding the late cloth and linnen design'd by his *Grace* for the soldiery, the sight of so many gallant fellows, with all the pomp and glare of War yet undeform'd by Battle, those Scenes which *England* has for many years only beheld on Stages, may possibly invite your curiosity to this place.

Mrs. ——— expects the Pretender at her lodgings by *Saturday* se'ennight. She has bought a picture of Madam *Maintenon* to set her features by, against that time. Three Priests of your acquaintance are very positive, by her interest to be his Father Confessor.

By our latest accounts from *Dukestreet, Westminster*, the conversion of T. G. Esq; is reported in a manner somewhat more particular: That upon the seizure of his *Flanders-Mares*, he seem'd more than ordinarily disturb'd for some hours, sent for his ghostly father, and resolv'd to bear his loss like a christian;

christian; till about the hours of seven or eight the coaches and horses of several of the Nobility passing by his window towards *Hyde-Park*, he could no longer endure the disappointment, but instantly went out, took the Oath of Abjuration, and recover'd his dear Horses, which carry'd him in triumph to the *Ring*. The poor distressed *Roman Catholics*, now un-hors'd, and un-charioted, cry out with the Psalmist, *some in Chariots, and some on Horses, but we will invoke the name of the Lord.*

I am, &c.

LETTER IX.

I Will not describe *Bl—* in particular, nor to forestall your expectations before you see it: Only take a short account, which I will hazard my little credit is no unjust one. I never saw so great a thing with so much littleness in it: I think the Architect built it entirely in compliance to the taste of its Owners: for it is the most inhospitable thing imaginable, and the most selfish: it has like their own hearts, no room for strangers, and no reception for any person of superior quality to themselves. There are but just two Apartments, for the Master and Mistress, below; and but two apartments above, (very much

inferior to them) in the whole House. When you look upon the Outside, you'd think it large enough for a Prince, when you see the Inside, it is too little for a Subject; and has not conveniency to lodge a common family. It is a house of Entries and Passages; among which there are three Vista's through the whole, very uselessly handsome. There is what might have been a fine Gallery but spoil'd by two Arches towards the End of it, which take away the sight of several of the windows. There are two ordinary stair-cases instead of one great one. The best things within the house, are the Hall, which is indeed noble and well-proportion'd; and the cellars and offices under-ground, which are the most commodious, and the best contrived, of the whole. At the top of the building are several Cupola's and little Turrets that have but an ill effect, and make the building look at once finical and heavy. What seems of the best taste, is that Front towards the gardens, which is not yet loaded with these turrets. The two Sides of the building are intirely spoil'd by two monstrous bow-windows which stand just in the middle, instead of doors: And as if it were fatal that some trifling littleness should every where destroy the grandeur, there are in the chief front two semi-circles of a lower structure than the rest, that cut off the angles, and

and look as if they were purposely design'd to hide a loftier and nobler piece of building, the top of which appears above them. In a word, the whole is a most expensive absurdity; and the Duke of *Skrewsbury* gave a true character of it, when he said, it was a great *Quarry of Stones above Ground*.

We paid a visit to the spring where *Rosamond* bathed herself, on a hill where remains only a piece of a wall of the old Palace of *Henry* the Second. We toasted her shade in the cold water, not without a thought or two, scarce so cold as the liquor we drank it in. I dare not tell you what they were, and so hasten to conclude,

Your, &c.

LETTER X.

YOU can't be surprized to find him a dull correspondent whom you have known so long for a dull companion. And tho' I am pretty sensible, that if I have any wit, I may as well write to show it, as not; (because any Lady that has once seen me, will naturally ask, what I can show that is better?) yet I'll content my self with giving you as plain a history of my pilgrimage, as *Purchas* himself, or as *John Bunyan* could.

do of his *walking thro' the Wilderness of this world, &c.*

First then I went by water to *Hampton-Court*, unattended by all but my own virtues; which were not of so modest a nature as to keep themselves, or me, conceal'd: For I met the Prince with all his Ladies on horseback, coming from hunting. Mrs. *B* — and Mrs. *L* — took me into protection (contrary to the Laws against harbouring Papists) and gave me a dinner, with something I lik'd better, an opportunity of conversation with Mrs. *H* — We all agreed that the life of a Maid of Honour, was of all things the most miserable; and wish'd that every woman who envy'd it had a specimen of it. To eat *Westphalia Ham* in a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrow'd Hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and, what is worse a hundred times, with a red mark in the forehead from an uneasy hat; all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for Fox-hunters, and bear abundance of ruddy-complexion'd children. As soon as they can wipe off the sweat of the day, they must simmer an hour and catch cold, in the Princess's apartment; from thence (as *Shakespeare* has it) *To dinner with what appetite they may* — and after that, 'till midnight, walk, work, or think, which they please? I can

can easily believe, no lone-house in *Wales*, with a Mountain and a Rookery, is more contemplative than this Court; and as a proof of it I need only tell you, Mrs. *L*— walk'd all alone with me three or four Hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any Quality but the King, who gave audience to the Vice-Chamberlain, all alone, under the garden-wall.

In short, I heard of no Ball, Assembly, Basslet-Table, or any place where two or three were gathered together, except Madam *Kilmansegg's*, to which I had the honour to be invited, and the grace to stay away.

I was heartily tired, and posted to *B*—— Park: There we had an excellent Discourse of Quackery; Dr. *Shadwell* was mentioned with honour. Lady *A* walk'd a whole hour abroad without dying after it, at least in the time I stay'd, tho' she seem'd to be fainting, and had convulsive motions several times in her head.

This day I receiv'd a Letter with certain advices where women were to be met with at *Oxford*: I defy them and all their works: I love no meat but Ortolans, and no woman but you: Tho' indeed that's no proper comparison, but for fat Dutchess's; for to love You, is as if one should wish to eat Angels, or to drink Cherubim-broth.

I am

I arrived in the forest by *Tuesday* noon, having fled from the face (I wish I could say the horned face) of *Moses B —*, who dined in the mid-way thither. I past the rest of the day in those Woods where I have so often enjoy'd a Book and a Friend. I made a Hymn as I pass'd thro', which ended with a sigh that I will not tell you the meaning of.

Your Doctor is gone the way of all his patients, and was hard put to it how to dispose of an estate miserably unweildly, and splendidly unuseful to him. Sir *Samuel Garth* says, that for *Ratcliffe* to leave a Library, was as if a Eunuch should found a Seraglio. Dr. *Sh—* lately told a Lady he wonder'd she cou'd be alive after him : She made answer, she wonder'd at it for two reasons, because Dr. *Ratcliffe* was dead, and because Dr. *Sh—* was living. I am,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XI.

To the Same.

NOthing could have more of that melancholy which once used to please me, than my last days journey; for after having

ving pass'd through my favourite Woods in the forest, with a thousand Reveries of past pleasures: I rid over hanging hills, whose tops were edged with Groves, and whose Feet water'd with winding rivers, listning to the falls of Cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above: The gloomy verdure of *Stonor* succeeded to these; and then the shades of the evening overtook me. The Moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw, by whose solemn light I paced on slowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reach'd *Oxford*, all the bells toll'd in different notes; the clocks of every college answer'd one another; and sounded forth (some in a deeper, some a softer tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since, among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone portico's, studious walks, and solitary scenes of the University. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary, to be as meer a bookworm as any there. I conform'd myself to the College hours, was roll'd up in books, lay in one of the most ancient, dusky parts of the University, and was as dead to the world as any Hermit of the desert. If any thing was alive or awake in me, it was a little Vanity; such as even those good men us'd to entertain, when the *Monks of their*
own

own Order extoll'd their piety and abstraction. For I found my self receiv'd with a sort of respect, which this idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their own species; who are as considerable here, as the busy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world.

Indeed I was treated in such a manner, that I could not but sometimes ask my self in my mind, what College I was founder of, or what Library I had built? Methinks I do very ill to return to the world again, to leave the only place where I make a figure, and from seeing my self seated with dignity in the most conspicuous shelves of a library, put my self into the abject posture of lying at a Lady's feet in St. *James's* Square.

I will not deny, but that like *Alexander*, in the midst of my glory I am wounded, and find my self a meer man. To tell you from whence the dart comes, is to no purpose, since neither of you will take the tender care to draw it out of my heart, and suck the poyson with your lips.

Here, at my Lord *H——*'s, I see a creature nearer an angel than a woman, (tho' a woman be very near as good as an angel;) I think you have formerly heard me mention Mrs. *T——* as a credit to the Maker of Angels; she is a relation of his Lordship's, and he gravely propos'd her to me for a Wife; being tender of her Interests, and knowing
(what

(what is a shame to Providence) that she is less indebted to Fortune than I, I told him 'twas what he could never have thought of, if it had not been his misfortune to be blind; and what I never could think of, while I had eyes to see both her and my self.

I must not conclude without telling you, that I will do the utmost in the affair you desire. It would be an inexpressible joy to me if I could serve you, and I will always do all I can to give my self pleasure. I wish as well for you as for my self; I am in love with you both as much as I am with my self, for I find my self most so with all three, when I least suspect it.

I am, &c.

LETTER XII.

To Mrs. Arabella Fermor on her Marriage.

YOU are by this time satisfy'd how much the tenderness of one man of merit is to be prefer'd to the addresses of a thousand. And by this time, the Gentleman you have made choice of is sensible, how great is the joy of having all those charms and good qualities which have pleas'd
so

to many, now apply'd to please one only. It was but just, that the same Virtues which gave you reputation, should give you happiness; and I can wish you no greater, than that you may receive it in as high a degree your self, as so much good humour must infallibly give it to your husband.

It may be expected perhaps, that one who has the title of Poet, should say something more polite on this Occasion: But I am really more a well-wisher to your felicity, than a celebrater of your beauty. Besides, you are now a married woman, and in a way to be a great many better things than a fine Lady; such as an excellent wife, a faithful friend, a tender parent, and at last as the consequence of them all, a saint in heaven. You ought now to hear nothing but that, which was all you ever desired to hear (whatever others may have spoken to you) I mean *Truth*: And it is with the utmost that I assure you, no friend you have can more rejoice in any good that befalls you, is more sincerely delighted with the prospect of your future happiness, or more unfeignedly desires a long continuance of it. I beg you will think it but just, that a man who will certainly be spoken of as your admirer, after he is dead, may have the happiness to be esteem'd while he is living

Your, &c.

L E T-

LETTER XIII.

THE chief cause I have to repent my leaving the town, is the uncertainty I am in every day of your Sister's state of health. I really expected by every post to have heard of her recovery, but on the contrary each letter has been a new awakening to my apprehensions, and I have ever since suffer'd alarms upon alarms on her account. No one can be more sensibly touch'd at this than I; nor any danger of any I love cou'd affect me with more uneasiness, (tho' as I never had a sister I can't be quite so good a judge as you, how far humanity wou'd carry me) I have felt some weaknesses of a tender kind, which I wou'd not be free from, and I am glad to find my value for people so rightly plac'd, as to perceive them on this occasion.

I cannot be so good a christian as to be willing (tho' no less than God should order it) to resign my own happiness here for hers in another life. I do more than wish for her safety, for every wish I make I find immediately chang'd into a prayer, and a more fervent one than I had learn'd to make till now.

May her Life be longer and happier than perhaps her self may desire, that is, as long and as happy as your self can wish: May her

R

Beauty

Beauty be as great as possible, that is, as it always was, or as yours is: but whatever ravages a merciless distemper may commit, I dare promise her boldly, what few (if any) of her makes of visits and compliments dare to do; she shall have one man as much her admirer as ever. As for your part, Madam, you have me so more than ever, since I have been a witness to the generous tenderness you have shewn upon this occasion.

Your, &c.

LETTER XIV.

IT is with infinite satisfaction I am made acquainted that your brother will at last prove your relation, and has entertain'd such sentiments as become him in your concern. I have been prepar'd for this by degrees, having several times receiv'd from Mrs. — that which is one of the greatest pleasures, the knowledge that others enter'd into my own sentiments concerning you. I ever was of opinion that you wanted no more to be vindicated than to be known; and like Truth, cou'd appear no where but you must conquer. As I have often condol'd with you in your adversities, so I have a right which but few can pretend to, of congratulating on the prospect

pest of your better fortunes; and I hope for the future to have the concern I have felt for you overpaid in your felicities. Tho' you modestly say the world has left you, yet I verily believe it is coming to you again as fast as it can: For to give the world its due, it is always very fond of Merit when 'tis past its power to oppose it. Therefore if you should take it into favour again upon its repentance, and continue in it, you would do so far from leading what is commonly call'd an unsettled life, (and what you with too much unjust severity call a Vagabond Life,) that the wise could only look upon you as a Prince in a progress, who travels to gain the affections he has not, or to fix those he already has; which he effectually does wherever he shews himself. But if you are resolv'd in revenge to rob the world of so much example as you may afford it, I believe your design will be vain; for even in a Monastery your devotions cannot carry you so far toward the next world as to make This lose the sight of you, but you'll be like a Star, that while it is fix'd to Heaven shines over all the Earth.

Wheresoever Providence shall dispose of the most valuable thing I know, I shall ever follow you with my sincerest wishes, and my best thoughts will be perpetually waiting upon you, when you never hear of me or them. Your own guardian Angels cannot

be more constant, nor more silent. I beg you will never cease to think me your friend, that you may not be guilty of that which you never yet knew to commit, an Injustice. As I have hitherto been so in spite of the world, so hereafter, if it be possible you should ever be more opposed, and more deserted, I should only be so much the more

Your faithful, &c.

LETTER XV.

I Can say little to recommend the Letters I shall write to you, but that they will be the most impartial representations of a free heart, and the truest copies you ever saw, tho' of a very mean original. Not a feature will be soften'd, or any advantageous light employ'd to make the ugly thing a little less hideous: but you shall find it in all respects, most horribly like. You will do me an injustice if you look upon any thing I shall say from this instant, as a compliment, either to you or to my self: Whatever I write will be the real thought of that hour; and I know you'll no more expect it of me to persevere till death in every sentiment or notion I now set down, than you would imagine a man's face should never change when once his picture was drawn. The

The freedom I shall use in this manner of *thinking aloud*, may indeed prove me a fool; but it will prove me one of the best sort of fools, the honest ones. And since what folly we have, will infallibly buoy up at one time or other in spite of all our art to keep it down; methinks 'tis almost foolish to take any pains to conceal it at all, and almost knavish to do it from those that are our friends. If *Momus's* project had taken, of having windows in our breasts, I shou'd be for carrying it further, and making those windows, casements; that while a man shew'd his heart to all the world, he might do something more for his friends, even give it them, and trust it to their handling. I think I love you as well as King *Herod* did *Herodias*; tho' I never had so much as one dance with you, and would as freely give you my heart in a dish, as he did another's head. But since *Jupiter* will not have it so, I must be content to shew my taste in life, as I do my taste in painting, by loving to have as little drapery as possible. Not that I think every body naked altogether so fine a sight, as your self and a few more would be; but because 'tis good to use people to what they must be acquainted with; and there will certainly come some day of judgment or other, to uncover every soul of us. We shall then see that the *Prudes* of this world ow'd all their fine figure only to their

being straiter-lac'd than the rest; and that they are naturally as arrant Squabs as those that went more loose, nay as those that never girded their loins at all. — But a particular reason that may engage you to write your thoughts the more freely to me, is, that I am confident no one knows you better; for I find, when others express their thoughts of you, they fall very short of mine, and I know at the same time theirs are such as you would think sufficiently in your favour.

You may easily imagine how desirous I must be of a correspondence with a person, who had taught me long ago that it was as possible to esteem at first sight, as to love: and who has since ruin'd me for all the conversation of one sex, and almost all the friendship of the other. I am but too sensible thro' your means, that the company of men wants a certain softness to recommend it, and that of women wants every thing else. How often have I been quietly going to take possession of that tranquility and indolence I had so long found in the country; when one evening of your conversation has spoil'd me for a *Solitaire*! Books have lost their effect upon me, and I was convinced since I saw you, that there is one alive wiser than all the Sages: a plague of female wisdom! it makes a man ten times more uneasy than his own. What is very strange, Virtue herself, (when
you

you have the dressing her) is too amiable for one's repose. You might have done a world of good in your time, if you had allow'd half the fine gentlemen who have seen you to have conversed with you; they would have been strangely Bitt, while they thought only to fall in love with a fair Lady, and you had bewitch'd them with Reason and Virtue (two Beauties that the very fops pretend to no acquaintance with.)

The unhappy distance at which we correspond, remove a great many of those restrictions and punctilious decorums, that oftentimes in nearer conversation prejudice truth, to save good breeding. I may now hear of my faults, and you of your good qualities, without a blush; we converse upon such unfortunate generous terms, as exclude the regards of fear, shame, or design, in either of us. And methinks it would be as paultry a part, to impose, even in a single thought, upon each other in this state of separation, as for Spirits of a different sphere who have so little intercourse with us, to employ that little, as some would make us think they do, in putting tricks and delusions upon poor mortals.

Let me begin then, Madam, by asking you a question, that may enable me to judge better of my own conduct than most instances of my Life. In what manner did I behave

have the last hour I saw you? What degree of concern did I discover when I felt a misfortune which I hope you will never feel, that of parting from what one most esteems? for if my parting look'd but like that of your common acquaintance, I am the greatest of all the hypocrites that ever Decency made.

I never since pass by your house but with the same sort of melancholy that we feel upon seeing the Tomb of a friend, which only serves to put us in mind of what we have lost. I reflect upon the circumstances of your departure which I was there a witness of (your behaviour in what I may call your last moments) and I indulge a gloomy-kind of pleasure in thinking that those last moments were given to me. I would fain imagine this was not accidental, but proceeded from a penetration which I know you have, in finding out the truth of people's sentiments; and that you were willing, the last man that *would have* parted from you, should be that last that *did*. I really look'd upon you just as the friends of *Curtius* might have done upon that Hero, at the instant when he was devoting himself to Glory, and running to be lost out of generosity. I was oblig'd to admire your resolution, in as great a degree as I deplored it; and had only to wish, that heaven would reward so much Virtue as was

to

to be taken from us, with all the felicities it could enjoy elsewhere!

I am, &c.

LETTER XVI.

YOU will find me more troublesome than ever *Brutus* did his Evil Genius; I shall meet you in more places than one, and often refresh your memory before you arrive at your *Philippi*. These shadows of me (my letters) will be haunting you from time to time, and putting you in mind of the man who has really suffer'd very much from you, and whom you have robb'd of the most valuable of his enjoyments, your conversation. The advantage of hearing your sentiments by discovering mine, was what I always thought a great one, and even worth the risque I generally run of manifesting my own indiscretion. You then rewarded my trust in you the moment it was given, for you pleas'd or inform'd me the minute you answer'd. I must now be contented with more slow returns. However 'tis some pleasure that your thoughts upon Paper will be a more lasting possession to me, and that I shall no longer have cause to complain of a loss I have so often regretted, that of any thing you said, which I happen'd to forget.

In

In earnest, Madam, if I were to write to you as often as I think of you, it must be every day of my life. I attend you in spirit thro' all your ways, I follow you thro' every stage in books of Travels, and fear for you thro' whole folio's; you make me shrink at the past dangers of dead travellers; and if I read of a delightful prospect, or agreeable place, I hope it yet subsists to please you. I enquire the roads, the amusements, the company, of every town and country thro' which you pass, with as much diligence as if I were to set out next week to overtake you. In a word, no one can have you more constantly in mind, not even your guardian Angel, if you have one, and I am willing to indulge so much Popery, as to fancy some Being takes care of you, who knows your value better than you do your self: I am very willing to think that heaven never gave so much self-neglect and resolution to a woman, to occasion her calamity, but am pious enough to believe those qualities must be intended to conduce to her benefit and her glory.

Your first short letter only serves to show me you are alive: it puts me in mind of the first Dove that return'd to *Noah*, and just made him know it had found no rest abroad.

There is nothing in it that pleases me, but when you tell me you had no Sea-sickness. I beg your next may give me all the pleasure

pleasure it can, that is, tell me any that you receive. You can make no discoveries that will be half so valuable to me as those of your own mind: Nothing that regards the States or Kingdoms you pass thro', will engage so much of my curiosity or concern, as what relates to your self: Your welfare, to say truth, is more at my heart than that of Christendom.

I am sure I may defend the truth, tho' perhaps not the virtue, of this declaration. One is ignorant, or doubtful at best, of the Merits of differing religions and governments: but private virtues one can be sure of. I therefore know what particular person has desert enough to merit being happier than others, but not what Nation deserves to conquer or oppress another. You will say, I am not *Publick-spirited*; let it be so, I may have too many tenderneesses, particular regards, or narrow views; but at the same time I am certain that whoever wants these, can never have a *Publick-spirit*; for, as a friend of mine says, how is it possible for that man to love twenty thousand people, who never loved one?

I communicated your letter to Mr. C— he thinks of you and talks of you as he ought, I mean as I do, and one always thinks that to be just as it ought. His health and mine are now so good, that we wish with
all

all our souls you were a witness of it. We never meet but we lament over you: we pay a kind of weekly rites to your memory, where we strow flowers of rhetorick, and offer such libations to your name as it would be prophane to call *Teasting*. The Duke of B——m is sometimes the High Priest of your praises; and upon the whole, I believe there are as few Men that are not sorry at your departure, as Women that are; for you know most of your Sex want good sense, and therefore must want generosity: You have so much of both, that I am sure you pardon them; for one cannot but forgive whatever one despises. For my part I hate a great many women for your sake, and undervalue all the rest. 'Tis you are to blame, and may God revenge it upon you, with all those blessings and earthly prosperities which the Divines tell us are the cause of our Perdition; for if he makes you happy in this world, I dare trust your own virtue to do it in the other. I am,

Your, &c.

The end of the first Volume.